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**THE
NATION**

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Claude Julien

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Middle East: THE FLEETING OPPORTUNITY

Nadav Safran

Jerry H. Bryant / Politics & the Black Novel

LETTERS

victory is ours

Brooklyn, N.Y.

DEAR SIR: With a bow to Vermont's distinguished Senator Aiken, I suggest we congratulate President Nixon on the great ARVN victory in Laos. His Vietnamization program having proved successful, the President must now fulfill his promises by withdrawing all U.S. troops with the greatest possible dispatch.

We depart in triumph and honor, having trained a powerful and tested army, a superior air force, a victorious people united behind a popular, free government. The world will agree that the United States has done . . . more than its share. Should the Thieu-Ky forces prove unequal to the challenge, we must not further interfere. Rather, we must take the position that the people have spoken—that is all we wanted in the first place.

Aaron Katz

on behalf of Wright Patman

Silver Spring, Md.

DEAR SIR: Robert Sherrill's article on Wright Patman [*The Nation*, Feb. 1] gives the impression of the young Juliet whose Romeo had returned the ring. Mr. Sherrill's last Wright Patman piece, which have abounded in recent years, appeared in *The New York Times Magazine* last year. A comparative analysis of the two articles leads to the conclusion that Mr. Sherrill is a very late convert or a journalistic schizophrenic.

The undersigned has just completed two and a half years' employment as counsel for the Committee on Banking and Currency. This position necessarily involved a close working relationship with Wright Patman. My four major endeavors involved legislation on urban insurance, foreign bank secrecy, home financing, and abuses in the low- and moderate-income housing programs. The Patman for whom I worked bears little resemblance to the fictional character so unjustly created by Mr. Sherrill.

There were several amendments to the urban insurance bill opposed by the industry which Patman forced through. As a matter of fact, Mr. Patman did not like the bill to begin with because he genuinely felt that it was a "bail out" for the industry with no commensurate service to the public interest. . . .

I worked on the so-called "Swiss Bank bill" from beginning to end. The curbs on foreign bank secrecy came about only because Mr. Patman had become concerned about newspaper reports on the frequency of the use of foreign bank accounts by the dishonest and that these accounts constituted the financial basis for criminal activity, of the organized and unorganized varieties, in this country. . . .

I was also responsible for the hearings conducted by the Ad Hoc Subcommittee on Home Financing Practices and Procedures. . . . It was Mr. Patman's suggestion that the committee be constituted and it was Mr. Patman's suggestion that the hearings be conducted. . . . As a result of these hearings, there are active proposals in the committee involving the elimination of straw parties, involving truth in real estate settlements, and other reforms. Perhaps the most immediate reform was legislation in the Housing Act of 1970 which empowered the Federal Home Loan Bank Board to regulate the District of Columbia savings and loans. The greatest achievement was the recent promulgation by the Federal Home Loan Bank Board of regulations severely restricting conflicts of interest among savings and loan officers and those with whom they do business. . . .

Last summer when I looked into complaints in the District of Columbia area about people being sold substandard housing which existed under federal low-income housing programs, I brought the matter before Chairman Patman. He was visibly incensed. He instructed the staff

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EDITORIALS

Congressional Test Flight

It now seems that the SST has been shot down, but with that bird one can never be sure. It has been winged before and yet managed to stay aloft. President Nixon expressed himself as being both distressed and disappointed when the Senate, by a vote of 51 to 46, joined the House in denying further funds to develop the supersonic aircraft. He added, however, that he was "determined" not to let the decision halt American technological leadership. This may be merely an emotional *non sequitur*, or it may signal that the President thinks he still has some money cards up his sleeve with which to rescue the SST yet again.

The legislative battle of the past few weeks built up to a goal-line suspense that should have appealed to the President's sports-loving heart. The House began the excitement by reversing the decision it had taken in the previous Congress and rejecting the appropriation, 215 to 204. The new rule on teller votes, depriving members of protective anonymity, had much to do with the result, but so did the votes of the newly elected Representatives, whose tally was 33 to 18 against continuing the project. However, whereas the 1970 elections had tipped the House balance more to the Democrats, the party lineup had gone the other way in the Senate, and from this shift friends of the SST took hope. It was vain—the freshmen Senators split 7 to 4 against the plane, and of those voting nay, two were Republican.

As the weeks of debate wore on, the arguments in favor of the SST were reduced to pleas that suspension would be a poignant blow to both the aerospace industry and its labor force, that we had invested too much money to quit now (an argument that may have been less than persuasive to a poker-playing nation), and that the United States could not afford to relinquish what the Administration called world leadership, without specifying where this leadership was to go. Against this stood the almost unanimous testimony of the country's economists that the project would be a financial disaster and the warnings of environmentalists that the plane presented dangers which were being grossly minimized, if not altogether ignored, by the enthusiasts for supersonic flight. A particularly telling point in this latter argument was that the environmental hazards could not possibly be gauged by the testing of the two prototype planes that were immediately at issue, whereas, if these were built, the additional millions committed would further strengthen the position of those who held that it was now too late to turn back. Added to all this was a growing public conviction, reflected widely in the press, that supersonic transportation was an unnecessarily elite way of getting around the world, given the manifest social problems now proliferating in the country for lack of public funds.

On the merits, it was not much of a debate, but issues of this sort are not necessarily decided on merit. Unemployment is high, particularly in the aerospace industry, and the prospect of throwing additional thousands of men out of work was not one that legislators could face in light spirit. They might say to themselves that the

looked to be a painfully wasteful way to stem unemployment, and that as a boondoggle it could very possibly prove much worse than useless. But that is not the sort of thing a public servant can say to constituents whose jobs are at stake, and what with the vast subcontracting involved in the SST, jobs were at stake all over the country.

The White House spoke a good deal during the critical weeks about national prestige, but in fact its own prestige was what immediately concerned it. Last fall, Mr. Nixon went to extraordinary lengths to bring back to Washington a Congress with which he would be in "ideological" accord, and the time had now come to see whether, on a showdown issue, that Congress would give him his way. The White House threw itself into the SST struggle with a zeal which, but for one's respect for the office of the Presidency, might be called dirty pool. Sen. William Proxmire, speaking on the floor (*Congressional Record*, March 9), accused the Administration of lobbying for the cause: "The Department of Transportation," he said among other things, "has a section on the supersonic transport consisting of 140 employees, who have been working night and day on Members of the House and on Members of the Senate. . . ." Washington correspondents, naming names, cited instance after instance of direct executive pressure on members of both houses who were thought subject to persuasion. The country expects powerful lobbying when the stakes are as big as they were in this case, but persons on the public payroll are not supposed to do the lobbying.

The effort failed, perhaps because it was not only dubious but, from the evidence that has come out, not very intelligent. For example, one need not be close to the affairs of government to know that Margaret Chase Smith, Republican Senator from Maine, is one of the most fiercely independent legislators in Washington; her insistence on making up her own mind in her own time is legendary. Yet, on the very day of the vote, as Mrs. Smith revealed, she received a message from President Nixon, telling her that the decision to close the Portsmouth, N.H. Naval Shipyard, where many of her constituents work, had been rescinded. And *The New York Times* (March 25) tells of another "doubtful" Republican Senator who was angered by a phone call from the White House to remind him that he had several state matters "pending at the White House." It is clear that, in the heat of battle, the Administration forgot what sort of people it was trying to "persuade."

Now that it is settled—one may hope permanently—the temptation is to deplore the tremendous time and effort that were wasted on an obvious issue, to the disadvantage of many other problems that cry urgently for legislative attention. But because the lack of merit in the proposal to go on with the SST was obvious, it was not the less difficult. We demand that men and women who have elections in their blood should nonetheless be guided by their consciences; it is only fair, then, that we be patient while they wrestle with the inevitable dilemma. In this case, the legislators who believed that the SST was a mistake, were immensely helped by the example of Senator Proxmire, who ever since the project was first brought to Congress has fought it with information, logic and cour-

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age. His victory in the Senate is a timely confirmation of the spirit of that body, as defined by Eugene McCarthy in this issue (p. 423).

The decision to abandon the SST was important far beyond its immediate effects. By voting the plane down, Congress has shown its understanding that, in this age of technological proliferation, the fact that a project, which may in itself be elegant and exciting, can be carried out, does not mean that it must, or even should, be carried out. Modern man can do so much that decisions ever more complex are certain to be forced upon him; and perhaps the most heartening thing about the SST struggle has been its evidence that the legislators have learned to look behind the enthusiasm of engineers and promoters to the real implications of a glittering new "breakthrough."

Finally, now that the SST is grounded, it becomes the pressing business of Congress to see that the labor force that worked on it is not caused to suffer unnecessarily for an error not of its making. Three Senators who opposed further funding—Birch Bayh, Gaylord Nelson and, as one would expect, Mr. Proxmire—have announced that they will introduce a resolution to help workers who have lost their jobs because of this Congressional action. If, as Senator Nelson has urged (article by Riessman and Gartner, p. 434 of this issue), the government is ever to become the employer of *first* resort, this is the moment to show it. The men now to be dropped at Boeing and elsewhere in the country constitute one of the most highly trained work forces in the world. Their need for challenging work is matched by the social challenges that await their skills.

Monologue: Prime Time

President Nixon's continuing monologue—installments have been presented courtesy of C. L. Sulzberger of *The New York Times*, a group of ladies of the press, and Barbara Walters of NBC's *Today* show—has now been extended by an hour-long prime time "conversation" with Howard K. Smith over the ABC network. Mr. Smith played the role, of course, of the friendly straight man who now and then asks a gentle question just to keep the monologue rolling. As Smith himself concedes, such set performances are really the President's show. "You've got to let him have his way. There is no way to stop him." All of these recent interviews were set up by the President's aides. In this way, Mr. Nixon is able to pick the time, format and program on which he chooses to appear. Requests for time are never denied; exclusive interviews are easily arranged. In other words, the President is using the media for his own political ends. The ABC program was clearly political, yet it is unlikely that the opposition party will be granted equal time to reply. At the same time, the President's technique rewards certain correspondents and commentators, and discriminates against the others; it also favors one network over the other two.

The timing of this latest monologue was important. Since February 8, when the invasion of Laos began, tension has been building: when would the President give his assessment of the adventure? Obviously, he did not want to respond to sharp press conference questioning on

this sensitive issue until he had first told his story to a large network audience. But while repeatedly disparaging the performance of the press, the President did not level with the public in this report. The invasion, he said, was not a failure, it was a not great success. The purpose had not been to conquer or occupy but to interrupt supply lines, and that had been done, if only temporarily. Some South Vietnamese units had performed well, a few had not.

We must withhold judgment until some time unspecified. True, it may be too early for a final verdict, but enough is now known to shatter confidence in the President's evaluation. South Vietnamese forces have been retreating—hastily, in disarray, sooner than planned (a point the Pentagon concedes) and with heavy losses. Artillery has been destroyed; one unit lost about ninety vehicles in heavy fighting. U.S. troops have come out of Laos with stories of South Vietnamese cowering in foxholes and then fighting their way aboard overcrowded helicopters, some clinging in desperation to landing skids. The known events make nonsense of the effort to present the rout of the ARVN as "orderly withdrawal," "mobile maneuvering," or "readjustment according to plan."

It is all very well for the President, quoting General Abrams, to say that some units did well and that only a few did not. The evidence now available raises serious doubts that the South Vietnamese can "hack it." Without the support of overwhelming U.S. air power, the imprudent invasion might have turned into a disaster on the scale of Dienbienphu. The President feels that the press misjudged the Cambodian invasion, but the fact is that the move into Laos was designed, in large part, to relieve mounting pressure in Cambodia, where all is not going exactly "according to plan." Senator Mansfield notes that the effect of this latest adventure may well have been to bring North Vietnamese troops closer to the South without providing much breathing space for continuing U.S. troop withdrawals. The President accuses the press of distorting his Indochina policy by incomplete and unfair coverage, but his own presentation is subject to these same charges and, moreover, the events negate much of what he had to say. So the effect is to widen the credibility gap he now faces and, at the same time, to embitter still further his relations with the media. As a postscript, it might be noted that only 11 per cent of the Greater New York TV audience viewed the President's performance on ABC.

Pressure on the Media

The President's new "availability" to favored journalists is merely one prong of his attempt to make the media do his bidding. While Mr. Nixon has been busy arranging interviews and appearances, Vice President Agnew, Senator Dole and others have been renewing the attack on the media which Mr. Agnew launched in November 1969. In Boston, Mr. Agnew accused the media of indifference to criticism and took CBS specifically to task for its documentary, "The Selling of the Pentagon." At the same time, the Department of Defense sought to prevent a rerun of the same program. Various spokesmen for the Administration have been inserting criticism of the media in the *Congressional Record* and repeating, in various forms, the charges of Messrs. Nixon, Agnew and Dole. It would ar

pear, also, that an Administration spokesman brought pressure to bear on ABC, whose executives in turn forced Dick Cavett to play host to William Magruder, the Administration's spokesman on the SST project.

While the CBS documentary on Pentagon salesmanship can be criticized on minor points, it told the essential truth about the Pentagon's public relations program—costing no one knows how many millions of dollars—while this magazine has been inveighing against for a decade or longer. [See "Brass Image" by Derek Shearer, *The Nation*, April 20, 1970.] CBS is to be commended not merely for preparing the documentary but for rerunning it despite Pentagon pressure, with rebuttals by the Vice President, Mr. Laird and Rep. F. Edward Hébert, together with an effective response by Richard Salant, president of CBS News, who showed himself in no way cowed by the big guns that preceded him.

Thanks are due Senator Mansfield for putting the Administration's attack on the media in proper perspective. "I think the American people," he said, "are entitled to the facts, whether they're good or bad. . . . I think the people, by and large, can determine the question of confidence. I hope this constant criticism will not have the effect of intimidating the networks." The Senator believes—it is refreshing to hear this belief voiced so firmly—that the First Amendment includes "the right to report news as they [the press and media] see it and as they interpret it. If the coverage is in fact biased, the media will pay the penalty of losing the confidence of the public. People do not have to watch television or read newspapers if they don't believe they are getting the facts." And by the same token, they do not need to listen to politicians on television if these politicians have forfeited their confidence.

Those 'Mysterious' Oil Leases

Since the appearance of Barry Weisberg's article, "Off-shore Oil Boom," in the March 8th *Nation*, the matter of lucrative underwater oil deposits off South Vietnam's Mekong Delta has been extensively discussed, both in the media and in the Congress. Three Representatives, James Abourezk (D., S.D.), William R. Anderson (D., Tenn.) and the intrepid Bella Abzug (D., N.Y.), have called for an official investigation. They have good reason. While much is known, much also remains to be disclosed, and only a full public investigation can bring the facts to public attention.

Some facts are already established. We know, for one thing, that in early 1969 Mandrel Industries of Houston undertook a 4,000-mile seismic survey on the continental shelf off eastern and southern South Vietnam. Standard Oil of New Jersey and Phillips Petroleum, among other oil interests, sponsored that exploration. The results have never been made public, but David Abshire, an Assistant Secretary of State for Congressional Relations, told Mr. Abourezk that the findings were "favorable."

There has never been any secret about the probability that oil in commercially exploitable quantities is to be found in the area. Bernard Fall's *The Two Vietnams* (Praeger, 1963), contains the following on p. 304: ". . . two major oil companies, Esso and Shell, joined forces in

April 1962, to construct an oil refinery costing \$16 million, in which the Vietnamese government will hold 40 per cent of the shares, and Vietnamese private investors will hold another 10 per cent. There is strong evidence that the American government 'urgently invited' the oil companies to proceed with the contract in order to show American confidence in the future of South Vietnam."

Fall cited as his source *Le Monde*, April 7, 1962. It is quite irrelevant that this was long before the massive American buildup in South Vietnam. The United States was already intensely interested in the region and after the 1954 debacle at Dienbienphu, it was manifest that American armed force would take over the French colonial role in Indochina. For that matter, it is quite possible that the more recent Mandrel survey was encouraged by the State Department, or by some other of the numerous American agencies that are guarding American interests in Southeast Asia—interests which have been declared by President Nixon to be identical with those of the Thieu-Ky government.

Newsweek (March 22) points out that the Thieu government, eager to learn the oil business in a hurry, sent observers to the Tehran oil-price talks and invited Iranian oil officials to visit Saigon in April to advise on how best to divide up offshore oil plots. Thieu is up for reelection in October. He would be helped not a little with his less than worshipful constituency if he could hold out the prospect of a flow of "black gold." The United States would benefit, for its part, by anything that seemed to prop up its awkward ally. *Newsweek* quotes an official at the U.S. Embassy in Saigon: "It would be much easier for us to get out of here without a catastrophe if they could earn a lot of foreign money by selling petroleum."

The light at the end of the tunnel may very well reveal an oil derrick. Is *that* what it was all about?

Detention Camps

A House Judiciary subcommittee has concluded hearings on a measure urging repeal of Title II—Emergency Detention—of the McCarran Internal Security Act of 1950. The nine members of the subcommittee, chaired by Rep. Robert W. Kastenmeier, are said to be unanimously in favor of repeal—as well they might be, since Robert Mardian, Assistant Attorney General in charge of internal security, told them, "the Department of Justice is unequivocally in favor of repealing" the Detention Act.

The six camps, set up in 1952 for possible detention of subversives should the President declare an internal security emergency, are themselves no longer at issue; all of them have been turned over to state or local governments or sold to private owners, with the exception of one which has been kept as a federal prison camp. But disposal of the camps did not dispose of the Act. The repeal measure must now be approved by the full committee, then go to the Rules Committee and from there, one hopes, to the floor. Prospects for repeal are excellent since 156 members of the House have co-sponsored HR 234, the repeal measure introduced by Rep. Spark M. Matsunaga (D., Hawaii). However, it must be detoured around, through or over the possible

roadblocks that will no doubt be set up by Rep. Richard H. Ichord (D., Mo.) of the Internal Security Committee. It is good to know that the Administration now favors repeal.

Credit for setting the stage for repeal goes to a number of civil liberties groups, specifically to the Citizens Committee for Constitutional Liberties; to Charles R. Allen, Jr., whose booklet on the camps, published in 1966, first called attention to the continuing threat posed by Title II, and, finally, to the Japanese-American Citizens League which enlisted strong support for repeal among Japanese-Americans on the West Coast and in Hawaii. Repeal of this odious Act, desirable in itself, would also be a belated acknowledgment of the injustice of the mass evacuation program of World War II, which resulted in the removal of all Japanese-Americans, citizens and aliens alike, from the three West Coast states and their detention in so-called relocation centers.

The Final Curtain

One of the best ways to draw attention to a city and stimulate an influx of tourists is to organize a festival. Norfolk, Va., in addition to its distinction as the burial place of Gen. Douglas MacArthur, makes itself world famous with an annual International Azalea Festival, of which seventeen have been held to date. The eighteenth, scheduled for April 20-25, has run into a catastrophe of an unexpected kind.

Norfolk, as everyone knows or should know, is the naval headquarters of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization and in April, when the azaleas are in bloom, various civic organizations, spearheaded by the Chamber of Commerce, combine NATO, the azaleas and fifteen young women from the NATO countries in one grand jamboree. Each of these ladies is designated as a Queen representing her nation. The British representative for 1971 was to be the Queen of Queens, Azalea XVIII. She is Sir Winston Churchill's granddaughter, Arabella, a statuesque beauty who actually looks regal.

Miss Churchill accepted the honor graciously and, in view of her ancestry, got a full share of publicity. Then she did something unusual. She asked the U.S. Embassy in London to send her all the literature it had on NATO. The Embassy must have had a good deal, because the "willowy blonde," as Arabella is referred to in the publicity, spent several weeks studying it. She then wrote a long letter to the executive director of the festival, saying that she was "alarmed and disillusioned" by what she had read, and resigning forthwith as Queen Azalea XVIII, with apologies for disrupting the arrangements a month before the coronation. Her decision was naturally deplored by the British Embassy, the Mayor of Norfolk, the Chamber of Commerce, and other functionaries. But it was unmistakably final. "Feeling the way I now do," she said, "it would be very wrong and dishonest of me to be the Azalea Queen." The fete officials are searching for a substitute, but they might have to settle for a model, and they had better make sure that she is not one to immerse herself in NATO literature.

Miss Churchill's letter of resignation amounted to an essay on international relations that would be worth quot-

ing in full. One paragraph might have elicited rueful admiration from her grandfather. Referring to his phrase, "The Iron Curtain," she said: "It seems to me that what is facing us all now is the final curtain. I cannot support the idea of one nation inducing another nation to see its point of view by force of arms. . . . With ever increasing advances in science and technology, the situation is growing out of hand."

Elderly statesmen might well ponder that observation.

More Killers

The automobile is of course unrivaled as a killer of civilians: 50,000 deaths and 1.5 million injuries last year. But, though the car is the most proficient of mechanized killers, other contenders, feeble as yet, are springing up. In last week's *Nation*, Stanley Klein wrote about rotary lawn mowers and other lethal household companions. The mower, leader in its class, maims far more often than it kills, but its record in the latter respect is still impressive. Rotary lawn mowers were responsible for some 140,000 injuries in 1969.

Lawn mowers are at least useful, but the snowmobile, operated for sport, kills and maims people too. More than 1.5 million of these vehicles have been let loose on the countryside since 1964, and sales have increased 50 to 100 per cent a year. This year the increase has tapered off sharply, at which no one will mourn except the manufacturers and salesmen. Last year eighty-four snowmobile fatalities occurred in the United States, and a roughly equal number in Canada. About 30 per cent of the fatalities involve collisions with moving motor vehicles. Some snowmobile drivers attempt to cross frozen lakes, break through the ice, and drown. There is a drinking problem among snowmobile drivers, as among motorists. Not the least objection is the noise which, in effect, brings the roar of traffic into what was once quiet wilderness.

Trial magazine for January/February contains an article by a lawyer, Stanley E. Sacks, on "The Unsafe Golf Cart." Golf was once a healthy exercise; it made people walk, which is good for heart and lungs. Now, 200,000 golf carts are in use, and the owners (or renters) are almost as sedentary on the course as at their desks. Mr. Sacks made a survey of patents covering golf carts and found that every feature was mentioned except safety. Some of these perambulators have such weak brakes that even when they are fully applied on such slopes as are normally found on golf courses, the carts will keep rolling.

The underlying difficulty appears to be that power, whether appropriately applied or not, has an irresistible appeal to great numbers of Americans. An electrically powered refrigerator or freezer makes sense; the automobile makes sense too, although the cost we pay in polluted air, as well as in fatalities and injuries, is only beginning to dawn on us. But, what of the power carving knife, the power can opener, the compressed-air corkscrew? They may be dangerous; they are certainly absurd. (How many corks must one pull before one's arm grows tired?) However, if we must worship power for its own sake, let us at least heed the dangers inherent in its applications. It is bad enough to look silly without being savaged by our toys.

A VOTE OF CONFIDENCE

EUGENE J. McCARTHY

In 1956, William S. White, a reporter for *The New York Times*, published a book on the United States Senate. The Senate of *Citadel* was a place, according to Mr. White, "upon whose vitality and honor will at length rest the whole issue of the kind of society that we are to maintain." Mr. White, after examining the works and workings of the Senate of those days, found both to be good. He evaluated the members of the Senate and found many of them to be giants among men. He examined the rules of procedure and found them wholly satisfactory and appropriate, if not inspired, and sanctioned beyond time and history.

The popular judgment of the United States Senate today is that it is something quite different from the Senate described by William White. It is charged with failing to meet its responsibilities, as being unresponsive to national needs, confused and incompetent, tangled in its own rules, distinguished principally by its respect for the seniority of its members and its use of the filibuster, and serving at best as a platform from which to launch Presidential campaigns.

The Senate of 1971 is not the Senate of 1956; neither is it the Senate as described in popular criticism. Working under rather difficult circumstances, it has in the last twelve years made a record of positive achievement.

When I came to the Senate in 1959, the reputedly strong men of the past—Democrats like Tom Connally of Texas, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, Senator George of Georgia, chairman of the Finance Committee—were gone. And on the Republican side, such stalwarts as Robert Taft of Ohio, Arthur Vandenberg of Michigan, Eugene Millikin of Colorado, and others listed by White were gone. It had new leaders, new members, and new problems.

In the years immediately following World War II, the Senate was involved in settling the postwar world: first in ratifying the treaties with Germany and Japan; subsequently in deliberations and activities associated with establishing the United Nations, the North Atlantic Treaty Organization and the Marshall Plan. These were important tasks that the Senate performed very well.

In this same period, especially after 1948, the Senate was largely immobilized in dealing with domestic problems because nearly every issue—whether it was housing, education or anything touching upon the political, economic or social life of America—became a civil rights issue. And on civil rights the Senate was deadlocked.

Consequently from 1948 until 1959, the House of Representatives generally pushed ahead of the Senate in attempting to deal with domestic problems. A significant change occurred in consequence of the elections of 1958. In that year, ten new Senators, liberal on most domestic issues, were elected to the Senate: Thomas Dodd

of Connecticut, Philip Hart of Michigan, Vance Hartke of Indiana, Gale McGee of Wyoming, Frank Moss of Utah, Edmund Muskie of Maine, Harrison Williams of New Jersey, Stephen Young of Ohio, Robert Bartlett of Alaska and myself. The immediate effect was that the initiative and aggressiveness on most domestic issues shifted from the House to the Senate. Now the Senate began gradually to move ahead of the House in its advocacy of new legislative programs, in increasing appropriations to support established programs, and in facing the civil rights issue.

It was not until the Presidential election of 1964, when in consequence of the candidacy of Senator Goldwater a clear liberal majority of Democrats was elected to the House, that the Congress as a whole was able to deal with the great mass of domestic legislation that had been in need of action, in some cases for nearly twenty years.

The concern of the Senate with domestic problems had both good and bad effects. The good effect was that much necessary legislation was passed. The bad effects were two: first, preoccupation with domestic problems caused the Senate to fail to give proper attention during these years to what was happening to international relations.

A consequence of the Senate's neglect of its responsibility for foreign policy was the gradual usurpation of power in this field by the executive branch of the government, through the growing use of executive agreements and executive actions without formal treaties. In some cases these merely continued wartime relationships, but new commitments—legal or extralegal—were also made during the time that John Foster Dulles was Secretary of State and his brother Allen was head of the Central Intelligence Agency.

The second bad effect of the Senate's concern with domestic problems was the change of the structure and operation of the Senate. This occurred especially while Lyndon Johnson was Majority Leader. The Senate was transformed into a kind of upper House of Representatives, with emphasis on committee work, roll calls and quantitative measurements of success. It became more or less a regular practice for Senator Johnson to announce the number of bills passed and to make comparisons with other Congresses, both in terms of timing and the volume of legislative action.

The Senate's influence on foreign policy was further weakened by the development of the cold war into an ideological conflict and the formalization of that ideological conflict in comprehensive treaties like SEATO and in resolutions like that on the Tonkin Gulf in 1964, through which Congressional criticism was not only stifled but Congressional power yielded to the Executive—sometimes even in advance of any defined problem, as in the case of the Middle East resolution passed under President Eisenhower in 1957.

The Senate itself in these years was a victim of the cold war. The immediate manifestation of this was its intimidation by the anti-Communist attack of Sen. Joseph McCarthy and his two or three active supporters in the Senate. Both the Senate and the State Department retreated in the face of this challenge.

At the same time, the influence of the military over foreign policy increased greatly. Military missions were set up in many of the countries of the world and were used more and more as instruments of foreign policy. But more important than missions was the indirect influence on policy of the ever increasing magnitude and power of the United States defense establishment. As that strength grew, diplomacy—diplomatic and even strategic considerations—received less and less attention and the disposition to consider military action as the solution to nearly every problem became dominant.

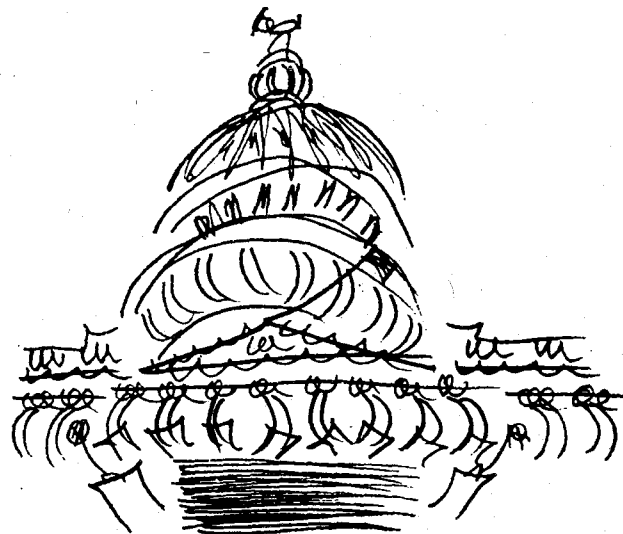
A third force which in this period also tended to weaken the Senate's role in foreign policy—a force which the Senate should have recognized and challenged early—was the inclusion or intrusion of the House into the field of foreign policy making. This occurred in two ways: first, it happened directly because, with the passage of the Marshall Plan and other aid programs, authorizations and appropriations of money by the House as well as by the Senate became necessary. And it arose indirectly from the continuing support by the House of a military establishment larger and stronger than was generally favored by the Senate. Both President Johnson and President Nixon encouraged the shifting of power to the House. Johnson turned to the House for support in Vietnam. Nixon encouraged the adoption there of the Hays resolution in 1969, which affirmed the House's support of the President in his efforts to achieve a just peace in Vietnam and passed by a vote of 333 to 55. President Nixon more recently turned to the House to blunt the effect of the anti-Cambodian resolution of the Senate.

Only with the growing escalation of the war in South Vietnam did the Senate begin to give serious attention to what had happened and to reassert its rights and responsibilities in the field of foreign policy. The road back has been difficult. Much ground, especially the high ground, had been lost to the executive branch and to the military, and low ground to the House of Representatives.

But the Senate has begun to fight back. The effort has been not so much one of individual leaders, or even of the "club"—the inner circle that supposedly controls the Senate. Essentially, it has been a response of the whole Senate.

The independence of the CIA has been challenged by Senator Fulbright and by the Foreign Relations Committee. The inclusion of members from the Foreign Relations Committee with members of the Armed Services and Appropriations Committees on the oversight committee—a limited gain—has been achieved.

And for the first time since the expansion of the military after World War II, the Congress, but especially the Senate—and more particularly Sens. William Proxmire, John McClellan and others—have raised serious and effective



challenges to military spending. The defense budget has been cut; the deployment of the anti-ballistic missile slowed, if not stopped. The opposition to the ABM reflected not just military, scientific and economic considerations but also a significant change of foreign policy thrust.

The device of the Congressional resolution as a means of supporting Administration policy has been repudiated. In 1966, only five Senators voted to take up the Tonkin Gulf resolution for reconsideration and possible repeal; in 1970, only five Senators voted against repeal—an action, one can quite rightly say, that came after the resolution had been fully used, but an action nonetheless of symbolic importance as an indication of Senate awareness. And in the case of Cambodia, the Cooper-Church resolution, setting limitations on Presidential power and activities, was approved by the Congress.

These actions were largely negative and after the act, but they reflect, although late, recognition on the part of the Senate of its responsibilities, and indicate its clear intent to reclaim and carry out its constitutional role in foreign policy. Much of the credit for this action must go to members of the Foreign Relations Committee—Democrats like Senators Fulbright and Church, and Republicans like Senators Aiken, Cooper and Case—and especially to some of the relatively new Republican members of the Senate not on the committee—Senator Hatfield of Oregon, Senator Schweiker of Pennsylvania, Senator Pearson of Kansas, Senator Mathias of Maryland—who have shown greater concern for the constitutional role of the Senate in this field than they have for uncritical party loyalty.

Another area of responsibility in which the Senate has made an important record during these same years is improving the federal judiciary. Although the initiative came principally from the executive, the Senate sustained and encouraged Presidential efforts to improve the courts. During the Presidencies of Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy and Johnson, the nation gradually began to move away from what until that time had been accepted as a kind of regional judicial system, with one system for the North, another for the South, one for the Northeast, another

for the Southwest. The practice was to clear all judges for the District Courts with the Senators in that jurisdiction. It was almost as though Senators were permitted to say to other Senators, "You can have whatever kind of justice you want in your state if you leave us alone in ours."

Civil rights was the principal cause for the change of emphasis. But the fact that the country had been unified in many ways, economic and social as well as the greater mobility of the people, was recognized by the Senate.

President Johnson's nomination of former Governor Coleman in 1965 for appointment to the Ninth Circuit was thoroughly challenged on the civil rights issue. Other nominees to the circuit courts were checked carefully. In 1965, President Johnson's nomination of F. X. Morrissey to the District Court in Massachusetts was objected to so strongly on the ground of competence that the nominee's name was withdrawn.

President Johnson's nomination of Abe Fortas as Chief Justice of the United States was challenged when evidence of conflict of interest developed, and Justice Fortas resigned from the Court.

The Senate in the last Congress rejected two of President Nixon's nominees for the Supreme Court. In standing off the Carswell and Haynsworth nominations, the Senate clearly showed that it was not prepared to accept the Nixon theory of the Supreme Court as a court on which regional differences were to be represented rather than as a national court whose members were selected as qualified to deal with national problems on a national

scale. Sen. Birch Bayh of Indiana, just beginning his second term, led the fight against the appointment of Judge Haynsworth and then, almost alone in the early days, against the appointment of Judge Carswell.

At the same time, the Judiciary Committee, and especially Senator Ervin of North Carolina, have been patiently and persistently continuing to fight to protect individual liberties, to insure the application of the Bill of Rights in protecting privacy and the right of every citizen to due process when brought before the law.

Much remains to be done. The Senate is slow, sometimes tedious, irritating to the press, to the country, to its own members. Yet as that instrument of government in which the men who drafted the Constitution placed residual or shared responsibility for all governmental actions—executive, legislative and judicial—the Senate has done well over the last twelve years. It promises, on the basis of the record of the last two years, to do even better.

The most serious immediate test of democracy and American political process is outside the Senate. What is called for is positive action and commitment; the role of the Senate is essentially negative and restraining. New directions in the fields of military and foreign policy must come through Presidential decisions and commitments. Such commitments and subsequent actions depend more on Presidents or on Presidential candidates and on the parties which choose them than upon action or inaction by the Senate. □

MIDDLE EAST

THE FLEETING OPPORTUNITY

NADAV SAFRAN

Mr. Safran is a professor of government at Harvard University, specializing in Middle Eastern affairs. He is the author of The United States and Israel and Egypt in Search of Political Community (both Harvard University Press). His latest book is From War to War: The Arab-Israeli Confrontation 1948-1967 (Pegasus).

On the evening of Nasser's death, I participated with a number of diplomats and Middle East specialists in an N.E.T. panel evaluating the consequences of the event. Against the opinion of all the other panelists that Nasser's death was a severe blow to peace, I argued that, no matter who succeeded him, his disappearance immensely improved the chances of peace.

It is now almost five months since Nasser's death, and most people seem to think that peace may be around the corner. I do not go so far. I am certain that, for the first time since 1948, there exists a truly historic opportunity to achieve peace—and I mean lasting peace—in the Middle East, but I fear that the opportunity *can* be missed and that the consequences would be yet another war in that area. Everything hinges on whether the United States,

while holding essentially to the line that has brought it so far, will show sufficient sensitivity to and concern for Israel's security needs; or whether, dazzled by the prospect of attaining the peace it has wanted for so long, it will attempt to force on Israel a settlement that even moderate Israelis would consider dangerous.

I do not suggest that the United States should change its formula of firm peace without substantial territorial modifications of the June 4, 1967 lines. To do so would most probably make peace impossible, at least as far as Egypt is concerned. I believe, rather, that the United States should seek to allay Israel's security anxieties by some other effective means; specifically, by offering it a mutual defense treaty.

There was a time when, along with everyone else, I was extremely doubtful about such a move. But now that Senator Fulbright has come out with his proposal for an American security guarantee to Israel, with the advice and consent of the Senate, I have changed my mind. Consider that the United States has not had to fight a war in this century because of a treaty obligation toward an ally—and yet it has engaged itself in scores of treaties. On the other hand, it has gone to war or undertaken military

operations many times since 1945 on the basis of all sorts of informal commitments, "understandings," Presidential doctrines and whatnot. Obligations of the latter type seem by their very uncertainty to invite challenges; whereas explicit, duly approved treaties seem to have worked as effective deterrents. The accumulation of informal commitments to the security of Israel makes it highly probable, in the minds of the executive, Congress and a segment of the American public, that the United States would *in fact* go to war if the existence of Israel were endangered; but the probability is not rated so high in the estimates of Israel's opponents and is very low in the plans of Israel itself. That produces exactly the kind of uncertainty calculated to bring about situations which would involve the United States in the liabilities of commitment without giving it any of the benefits.

I gather that Senator Fulbright had such reasoning at the back of his mind—in addition, of course, to his concern about the prerogatives of the Senate. He was in effect saying: If the United States is going to become involved in fighting for the sake of Israel's existence, let it at least do so on clear constitutional grounds and not as a result of successive little moves by the Commander in Chief at a time of crisis; and let it at least make clear to others well in advance that it would fight, in order to give them the chance to take this warning into account.

Hitherto, the arguments for a treaty with Israel were offset by the obvious disadvantage that such an agreement would have formally obligated the United States to go to Israel's assistance at a time when Israel was involved in an *unsettled* dispute with the Arab countries. This would have encouraged rigidity on the part of Israel and would have put friendly Arab governments in a very difficult position.

The situation now is entirely different: the treaty with Israel would come into effect after Israel and the Arab states had signed a peace treaty based essentially on the Arabs' own proposals; and it would be seen as the means by which Israel was brought to agree to those proposals. It would be a treaty with an Israel that would be formally at peace, concluded against eventualities which the Arab states would have formally excluded from their intent by the act of signing a peace treaty. Moreover, an American-Israeli defense treaty would be in line with repeated statements by President Sadat that Israel should seek security in international guarantees, not in expansion. Finally, the United States could balance its treaty with Israel with an offer to sign a similar treaty with any Arab country in respect to its relations with Israel. If any Arab takers were found, the result would be a new version of the 1925 Treaty of Locarno.

Would such a treaty increase the chances of an American-Soviet confrontation in the Middle East? To sharpen this question, let us assume that Egypt did not take up the American offer, but instead concluded a mutual defense treaty with the Soviet Union. (It might be pointed out, incidentally, that recent repeated assertions by President Sadat that Egypt, not Israel, needs assurances about its security may very well signify an Egyptian inclination to seek a treaty with Russia quite aside from any question of an American-Israeli treaty.)

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If one keeps in mind that the treaties in question would come into effect after a peace agreement between Arabs and Israelis and would be organically related to that agreement, then such treaties would diminish rather than increase the chances of confrontation that now exist, or that might continue to exist in any future arrangement of a less clear character.

At present, Soviet troops stand alongside the Egyptian forces on one side of the Suez Canal, and face Israeli troops supported logistically and politically by the United States, on the other side. The Egyptians and the Israelis have a strong interest in involving their respective protectors more deeply and more actively, and neither of the two protectors is quite certain how the other would react if it allowed itself to become so involved. That is the classic prescription for unwitting confrontation.

After a peace agreement, followed by the defense treaties envisaged here, there would be no Soviet or American troops on either side of the peace boundaries, and all doubt about the intent of the two big powers would be eliminated. The Arab-Israeli region would be taken out of the "gray area" which puts a premium on probing and bluffing, and placed in an area of certainty like the one that embraces the NATO countries on one side and the Warsaw Pact countries on the other. There would, however, be this difference in favor of the Middle East situation, that it would be, or at least could be, established by tacit American-Soviet agreement rather than as a result of acts of mutual defiance as was the case in Europe.

In any event, the historical record since the onset of Soviet-American rivalry shows unambiguously that neither big power has dared to defy, or allowed itself to be compromised into defying, positions which its opponent was bound by explicit treaty to protect.

I should emphasize that I am talking of a mutual defense treaty, not of a unilateral security guarantee such as Senator Fulbright suggested. The latter smacks of a protectorate. It could also stimulate the United States, out of concern lest Israel act in ways that might ignite conflict unnecessarily, to interfere frequently in Israeli affairs. Such a pact would fail to meet Israel's security anxieties and might even stir new misgivings about sovereignty and independence. A mutual defense treaty is another thing altogether. It has a respectable history and connotes partnership rather than protection. It would, or at any rate it should, specify regularly institutionalized procedures for consultation, evaluation, contingency planning, and so on.

If such a treaty were offered as a supplement to a peace

treaty containing various security measures, such as an international force in Sharm el Sheikh, a demilitarized Sinai, provisions for arms limitations, and so on, and if the mutual defense treaty were organically tied to such provisions, I think that Israel would be satisfied. The present political coalition in Israel might have to break up, the Labor Party and several others might split, and the country might be thrown into political convulsion; but in the end, I am convinced, a majority government could be found that would accept peace with "insubstantial modifications," plus an American mutual defense pact.

The anxiety about security is very deep and general in Israel. I am not merely stating a truism but reporting a new turn. As long as the possibility of peace was only hypothetical, many in Israel thought hypothetically that if they could get peace they would forgo any territory. Now that the question is actual, most of these same people are having second thoughts. Perhaps when they originally thought of peace they visualized it as coming along with a changed Arab heart (the lamb and the wolf and all that . . .); not as coming from a Sadat who says that he will never have diplomatic relations with Israel and threatens it with dire consequences if it does not accept his offer. Whatever the reason, the fact of the enhanced anxiety is beyond dispute.

The United States could not substantially alter its position about "insubstantial modifications" in the way

Israel wants and still get peace with Egypt. But if the United States simply chose to press hard on Israel to agree to its own formula, without offering a substitute security provision, there would be two results: (1) In Israel itself, the attraction of peace, together with the impact of American (and Soviet and Arab) pressure, might still cause a split in the government and a breach in the Labor Party and lead to an electoral showdown; but the outcome would probably be a "hard" coalition, perhaps led by Dayan, committed to resist outside pressures to the utmost, and possibly prepared to risk everything. (2) The development of a political broil between the United States and Israel would certainly encourage Egypt and other Arab countries, as well as the guerrillas, to attempt a massive military assault upon Israel. The Soviet Union might well read the American stance as a signal to take an increasingly active part in the Arab military effort. This could lead to a general war in the area, with the Soviet Union an active party, and present the United States with terrible dilemmas.

If the United States neither presses Israel hard nor proposes to allay its security anxiety with a mutual defense treaty, but simply lets things more or less go their own way, then the present unique opportunity to achieve peace will be lost to dim, and grim, prospects. For it is most improbable that the Egyptians will come forth with



Pierre, Aux Ecoutes (Paris)

concessions that would satisfy Israel without at least resorting first to another trial of force. Such a trial, even if it did not involve Soviet participation in some form at the outset, could be expected to lead to that—especially if, as is likely, the trial met with failure. From there on, the track of thought becomes lost in dangerous uncertainties.

I would say, then, that the United States has an excel-

lent and rare chance to attain, at last, what it has vainly sought for more than twenty years: peace in the Middle East, achieved under its aegis and secured by its effort; an end to the position in which its interests in the area are constantly undermined by contradictions built into them; and a liquidation of a situation that could lead to a big-power confrontation. May it know how to avail itself of that chance. □

J. EDGAR'S IMAGE

THE SCHENLEY CHAPTER

HANK MESSICK

Mr. Messick is the author of many books on organized crime, among them The Silent Syndicate (Macmillan) and Secret File (Putnam's). His latest work, Lansky, will be published soon by Putnam's.

Critics of J. Edgar Hoover have at last found a safe and seemingly sure issue on which to attack him—his age. The man is well past retirement, they say. Sure, over the decades he performed great public service. Single-handed, he converted the Federal Bureau of Investigation from a collection of political hacks into an elite group, and thus forged a sword against crime, corruption and communism. Let him now stand aside and enjoy the laurels a grateful nation will bestow. Only those, and there are some, who consider Hoover semi-divine, and therefore approximately immortal, can object to such an argument.

The enemies of Hoover obviously feel that his departure from office is more important than the manner of his going; but they are perhaps repeating the mistake, common in our society, of confusing the reality with the symbol. Once again, generalization has led to personification. Those on the Right who hated Franklin Roosevelt were unhappy to find that the New Deal did not die with him. To the dismay of many liberals, McCarthyism survived Joe McCarthy. If Hoover is permitted to retire with the halo of his image undented, it will be incumbent on whoever succeeds him to rule under that hallowed sign, and the critics who forced the old man out will find that they have little reason to rejoice. The image of Hoover is far more important than the presence of Hoover; if anything is to be changed, that image must be corrected.

And opportunity to give the public the truth—and to liberate the FBI from the legend—exists in the work of a little noticed legislative committee in New York. The committee has moved slowly, cautiously, perhaps reluctant to accept the implications of its findings. It faces tremendous obstacles. Immense pressure to halt the probe comes from political and economic sources. If the committee is to continue it needs counter pressure from an aroused public opinion.

Opposed over the years to the popular image of Hoover the crime buster, the commie fighter, has been a minority view that saw him as an egoist intent on personal empire

building. And just as the first picture is inaccurate, so the second is distorted. Hoover's critics, hesitating to look too closely, have seized upon symptoms rather than the disease. They have approached Hoover as they have approached organized crime—with a naiveté born of easy cynicism, ignorance and fear.

In the twenties, when city gangs were transformed into regional crime syndicates, Hoover rounded up alleged Reds. In the thirties, when gangsters began bankrolling businessmen and politicians, Hoover chased Ma Barker and "Pretty Boy" Floyd. In the forties, when the National Crime Syndicate operated black markets and established regional gambling centers, Hoover hunted Nazi spies. In the fifties, as the crime syndicate expanded to Havana and London, Hoover helped McCarthy create a national hysteria. In the sixties, as the syndicate began its crucial transition to respectability, Hoover turned back the clock thirty years and "discovered" La Cosa Nostra.

When special agents of the Intelligence Division of the Internal Revenue Service were convicting gangsters from Capone to Costello, Hoover insisted that syndicated crime was a myth. While intelligence agents prosecuted political bosses from Tom Pendergast to Nucky Johnson, Hoover maintained that local law enforcement was the American way. While those same intelligence agents investigated corrupt businessmen, Hoover warned of the Red menace to private enterprise.

Yet so great was the ignorance, the indifference of the press and public, and so effective the public relations campaign of Hoover, that the FBI got credit for the work of all federal law-enforcement agencies and the occasional achievement of local police as well. The FBI became a legend while, in fact, it was largely ineffective against organized crime. Yet the public has been so thoroughly bemused that, even today, it can believe simultaneously that Hoover has performed heroic service against crime and that organized crime is big business.

The Mafia is only a small part of organized crime—the expendable part—yet for decades Hoover insisted that it didn't exist, and Daniel Bell and other sociologists could portray it as a myth on the ground that the FBI was "skeptical" of its reality. Then in 1961, after President Kennedy sponsored new laws that forced the FBI into the fight against crime, Hoover suddenly discovered

the Mafia. For face-saving purposes, it had to be given a new name. As Ramsey Clark puts it in *Crime In America*, "by chance and FBI public relations," the Mafia became known as La Cosa Nostra. Clark adds a dry note: "Today La Cosa Nostra is the FBI's new thing."

Overnight, LCN—to use FBI jargon—became the new menace and any evidence that pointed in other directions was disregarded or distorted. The exploits of such non-Italian ethnic groups as the original Purple Gang and Murder, Inc., were disregarded or soft-pedaled. "Big Bill" Dwyer, Owney "the Killer" Madden, Lepke and the like were forgotten. Individuals like Meyer Lansky, who were still active and too important to be overlooked, were given new status as "non-member associates" of the Mafia—one wondered if Mr. Hoover was joking. In any event, he had jumped back to the situation that existed in the late twenties and early thirties before Lucky Luciano—aided by Lansky—"Americanized" the Mafia and found an uneasy place for it in the emerging National Crime Syndicate.

The Cosa Nostra buildup came at a time crucial for the syndicate. The men who had begun as bootleggers and gone on to achieve fortunes in gambling, narcotics and semi-legitimate business, were in the process of transferring power to a new generation. These young executives, many with college training, are largely anonymous. They know the value of insulation and the criminal records do not list them. The uproar over LCN could not have been better timed from their point of view. It diverted attention.

The relation of crime to business and politics is an old story in America, but its implications are not fully grasped by the average citizen. Teapot Dome is remembered from the days of Harding, but who recalls that the officials who played for big stakes with the oil industry also sold protection on a huge scale to bootleggers? Mink coats are remembered from the days of Truman, but who remembers the black-market liquor operators who bought permits and ultimately paroles from corrupt politicians?

In 1950-51 the Kefauver committee exposed on a grand scale the association of organized crime with business and politics. Pointedly ignoring Hoover and the FBI, the committee conducted its own investigations, and in city after city tied gangsters to "respectable" businessmen and high public officials. Great interest was aroused and some indignation, but McCarthy and the Eisenhower-Nixon administration came along and the recommendations of Kefauver were largely ignored. It was easier to allege a Red under every bed than to step on the toes of the powerful. Other investigating committees have come and gone in the twenty years since then, and while some have achieved limited success, none has emerged as a successor to Kefauver.

When, therefore, the New York State Joint Legislative Committee on Crime, Its Causes, Control, and Effect on Society, was formed five years ago, no one assumed that it would amount to much. Its function, as indicated by its name, was certainly broad enough, and Chairman John H. Hughes, a Republican Senator

from Syracuse, was highly respected. But while there was both need and opportunity, "wise" opinion was that the committee's main purpose was to provide evidence that New York legislators were opposed to crime—as all good legislators should be.

Sure enough, the committee did little to startle the taxpayers in its first few years. It followed the general style of the times by calling in an occasional Mafia member and climbing the Mafia family tree. Then, in the fall of 1969, it called on me to testify about "Non-Mafia Elements in Organized Crime." One newspaper noted that the witness' views conflicted with the federal government's findings on La Cosa Nostra, but made no effort to follow up on the idea, and in general, the press gave the hearing little attention. Fortunately, the committee was not quite so cynical. Edward J. McLaughlin, its counsel, decided to check out some of the leads supplied to the committee, and the current phase of the investigation began.

In 1970, some New York papers reported that a "mystery witness" had testified in executive session. Major disclosures were hinted, but when there was no immediate follow-up, the press turned to other things.

The "mystery witness" was Mrs. Susan Rosenstiel, fourth wife of Lewis S. Rosenstiel, founder and until 1968 chairman of the board of Schenley Industries. She testified for six hours in executive session, and what she said, Chairman Hughes has since admitted, "sounded like a fairy tale." However, it was too important to ignore and the committee staff began the slow process of checking her allegations. Many months were required for the staff to educate itself to the realities of organized crime, and there were some bizarre moments.

William Gallarino, a federal marshal "on loan" to the state committee, bore the brunt of the probe. Soon after the New York press had reported his return from Florida with "important information," the committee learned from two independent sources that a \$100,000 "contract" had been offered for Gallarino's life. Guards were placed at the marshal's home, and the *Daily News* commented editorially on the threat. Meanwhile, investigation disclosed that the "contract" had been offered to members of an alleged Mafia "family" in New York by an out-of-town man, an ex-bootlegger who had since achieved a degree of respectability in his home town. He was mentioned by Mrs. Rosenstiel in her sworn testimony. For once, the Mafia displayed some sense. The head of the "family" passed the word that anyone attempting to collect the "contract" would be "hit." There was enough heat on the Mafia, the boss declared, without knocking off a federal agent.

After working many months, the committee investigators reported that all of Mrs. Rosenstiel's allegations that could be checked, had proven to be true. Senator Hughes then decided to hold public hearings, and he announced that they would center upon Lewis Rosenstiel.

As former head of Schenley, Rosenstiel enjoyed a reputation for philanthropy because of numerous large gifts to many institutions. The committee developed quite another picture.

In the trial transcript of John Torrio, mentor of Al

Capone, testimony was found linking Schenley to Torrio's legal liquor firm of Prendergast-Davies at the end of Prohibition. Federal agents swore under oath that Rosenstiel had been engaged in a "consortium" during Prohibition with Meyer Lansky, Joe Fusco and Frank Costello. They were said to have bought liquor in Canada and distributed it to bootleggers in this country.

The investigation found an indictment—29-Cr 24912—in the Eastern District of New York that charged Rosenstiel and a number of others with liquor violations in 1929. Furthermore, the search disclosed that, when one man pleaded guilty, charges against the others were dropped. Mrs. Rosenstiel had testified under oath about her husband's relationship with various gangsters. One such episode, she said, occurred in Havana in February 1957—twenty-three years after the repeal of Prohibition:

We arrived in Havana and then we went to the Nacional Hotel and we were escorted up to our suite. We had a very big suite and it was filled with flowers. I thought it was more of a funeral, so I looked at the card and the card said: "Welcome, Supreme Commander to Havana. Meyer and Jake."

So I asked my husband who Meyer and Jake were and he said that is Meyer and Jake Lansky, very good friends of his. . . .

So, in about five or ten minutes, we went right down to the lobby and the gambling room was off the lobby, and Meyer Lansky was there waiting our arrival. And he was very happy to see the Supreme Commander, and Jack Amiel and I were introduced. . . .

Mrs. Rosenstiel also testified under oath about her husband's dealings with United States Senators and federal and state judges, and about his friendship with J. Edgar Hoover.

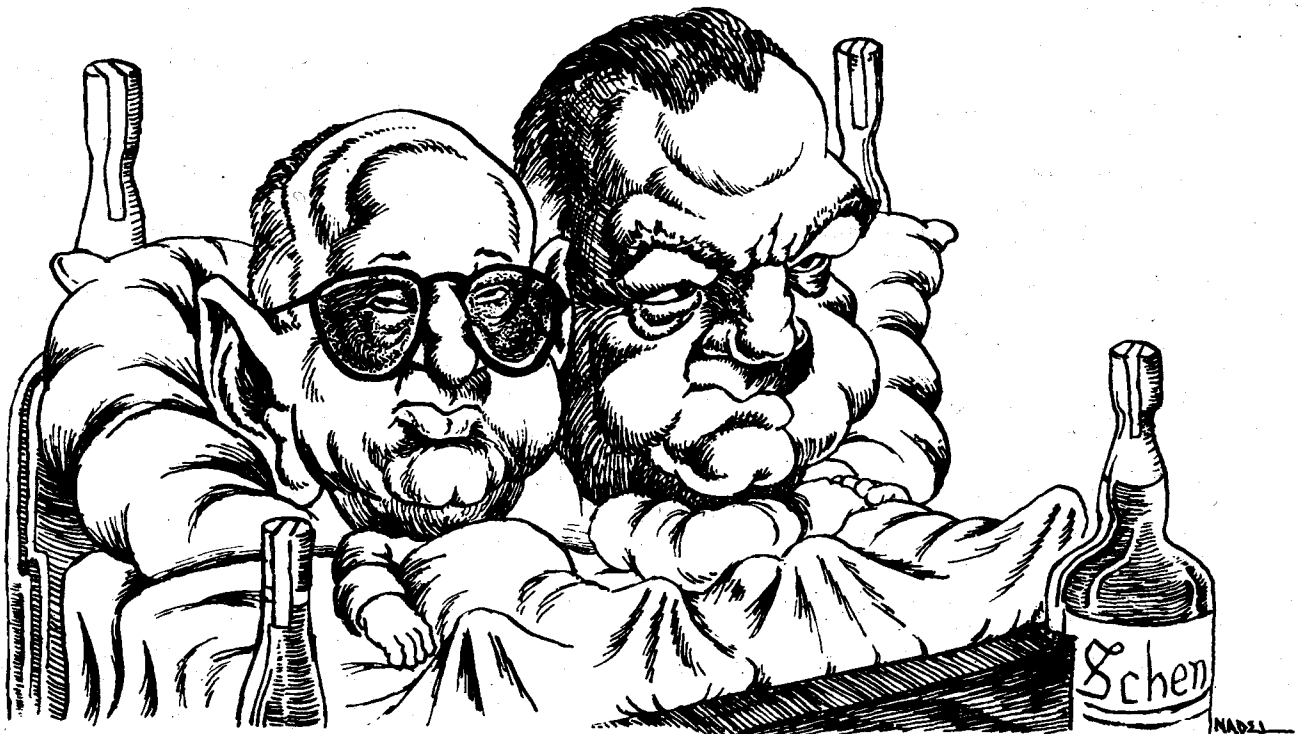
Rosenstiel's friendship with Hoover was no secret. Maxine Cheshire on June 2, 1969, had written a byline story carried by many newspapers about Rosenstiel's

formation of the J. Edgar Hoover Foundation. He had presented the foundation with Schenley stock worth approximately \$1 million. Miss Cheshire's story noted that the president of the foundation was Louis B. Nichols, formerly an assistant director of the FBI who had quit the job to go with Schenley at \$100,000 a year. "Nearly everyone," she wrote, "directly associated with Nichols in the Hoover Foundation is, or was, connected with either the FBI or Schenley's."

According to its bylaws, the foundation was created to "perpetuate the ideals and purposes to which the Hon. J. Edgar Hoover has dedicated his life" and "to combat communism." Presumably, it was in pursuit of these goals that the foundation in 1966 bought \$3,000 worth of books for the J. Edgar Hoover Library and contributed \$1,500 to "compensate" the librarian. Long before the foundation was established, according to Mrs. Rosenstiel's testimony, her husband had subsidized distribution of books by Hoover about communism, and about the FBI by other authors.

According to Mrs. Rosenstiel, her husband has been fighting communism for years. She said that, along with the late Alfred Kohlberg, widely known as "the China Lobby Man," he helped finance the American Jewish League Against Communism. The league strongly supported Joseph McCarthy, who was a personal friend of Rosenstiel. It was later headed by George Sokolsky, the Hearst columnist, and then by Roy Cohn. Both the American Jewish Congress and the American Jewish Committee opposed the league, but Hoover had a kind word for it in his *Masters of Deceit*.

More intriguing than the foundation, the committee discovered, were the roles played by Roy Cohn and Louis B. Nichols. Rosenstiel got Cohn his job with McCarthy and Rosenstiel sponsored the Cohn-Hoover friendship. Nichols has testified recently that he checked



Rosenstiel's background before joining Schenley and found nothing to raise questions in his mind. He acknowledged that two distributors of Schenley products had been convicted of bootlegging and identified as associates of Meyer Lansky. He also testified that on behalf of Schenley he had lobbied to persuade Congress in 1958 to adopt the Forand bill, which extended the time during which distillers might stockpile whiskey without paying excise taxes from eight to twenty years. He also admitted that he had used Congressional contacts made during his association with the FBI when working for the bill. Nichols estimated that the bill had saved Schenley from \$40 million to \$50 million.

But the overriding puzzle to the Hughes committee was Rosenstiel. How, they asked themselves, can a man be a friend of J. Edgar Hoover on the one hand and a chum of Meyer Lansky on the other? The question is vital.

One cannot yet say how far the committee will go in making public its findings, how much deeper it will dig. The counterattack has already begun. After months of checking last year, the committee scheduled Mrs. Rosenstiel to testify in an open session last November. The session was canceled when the committee learned that she might be indicted by a state grand jury, led by Dist. Atty. Frank Hogan, on perjury charges growing

out of a deposition in an unrelated civil suit. When, in January, Ben Javits—brother of Sen. Jacob Javits—was suspended from the New York bar for alleged unethical conduct on behalf of Rosenstiel, the committee took new heart. Before Mrs. Rosenstiel could testify, however, the long-pending indictment was returned. Her attorney called Hogan's action "unprecedented" and *The Village Voice* on February 18, 1971, said bluntly: "What this situation looks like is that Hogan wants to shut Mrs. Rosenstiel up or at least damage her credibility before her testimony before the Joint Legislative Committee. . . ."

Chairman Hughes has been quoted as saying that his confidence in his star witness is unshaken. Mrs. Rosenstiel's testimony, he added, will be supported by independent evidence. Yet the pressure on the committee and its chairman remains heavy. They are hampered, moreover, because they cannot subpoena witnesses who remain outside the state. A new Kefauver committee with national jurisdiction is needed to exploit the beachhead developed by the New York committee and it should come into being while Hoover is still in office.

Under the circumstances, Hoover's critics would be well advised to drop for the moment their demands for his retirement and urge instead a far-reaching investigation of the associations and friendships brought into focus by the Hughes committee. □

LES ETATS UNIS

LONG NIGHT'S JOURNEY INTO DAY

CLAUDE JULIEN

Mr. Julien wrote this article for Le Monde, of which he is foreign editor, after returning to Paris from a recent visit to the United States.

The machine that is America is not running smoothly, and the disappointment of its citizens is the greater because, less blasé than Europeans, they demand more of their society. Tens of millions of immigrants abandoned a Europe riddled by castes, feudal hierarchies, chauvinisms, religious persecutions, pogroms, autocratic regimes and economic misery to found a society more just, more humane, more free, more equal. That carefully tended dream bolstered the aspirations of several generations of Americans conscious of the role incumbent on them to create, develop and perfect a social, political and economic structure which would answer their own needs and at the same time become a model for the rest of the world.

Their faith and innovative zeal swept away all obstacles and surmounted all difficulties. The American achievement shines out for all to see: an affluent society, an unparalleled military and economic strength, a school population of 59 million in a country of 204 million, scientific research that leads the world, a technology which has succeeded in putting man on the moon, and an abundance of consumer goods—as well as of writers,

poets, artists, architects. In short, America is a civilization, a culture, a way of life, and a way of looking at the world and the future.

But an increasing number of its citizens are impatiently demanding a new reality more in harmony with the exigencies of the dream. Just after World War II, the identifying badge of America was not its power but its good will. Five years previously, 8 million Americans had been unemployed; by 1945, America had put all its people to work, tripled its exports, ended up with a trade surplus, and increased its industrial plant by half—all the while bestowing on the rest of the world liberty and generous economic aid. Americans had good reason to be proud of themselves.

Twenty years later, this self-satisfaction was no longer unshakable. In the wake of the incidents which accompanied the initial attempts at school integration after 1954 came race riots which shook America's principal cities, including the nation's capital. Undoubtedly, because it got under way too late and was put into effect too slowly, integration is now rejected by most black militants. There is no shortage of Northern liberals ready to blame racism on the South, but the migration of blacks northward has strained their liberalism. It sometimes seems that black and white might find it easier to live side by side in the South.

Black Power has violently shaken the conscience of

America, a nation suddenly confronted with the fruits of an "original sin" that many would have liked to ignore. Political assassination has exacerbated the shock and deepened the gulf on whose brink America sways dizzily.

But it is beyond its continental borders that America has sustained its greatest shocks. "We've committed many war crimes in Vietnam," said George Wald, biologist and Nobel Prize winner, but he added, "We were committing war crimes in World War II, before the Nuremberg trials were held and the principle of war crimes was defined. The saturation bombing of German cities was a war crime. Dropping those atomic bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki was a war crime." Only a few scrupulous souls have thought of these events as war crimes, but the bombardment of North Vietnam gave rise to an indignation strong enough to send Lyndon Johnson into Texan exile.

For all that, the air strikes have administered a less brutal jolt to public opinion than the stories of atrocities committed by American troops on the ground, especially at My Lai. The personal fate of Lieut. William L. Calley weighs less on Americans than do the painful surprise and indignation they have had to sustain.

There are certainly some citizens who condemn the war's critics outright and who hope for a military victory which will finally halt the spread of communism throughout Southeast Asia. But these Americans, with their star-spangled lapel badges and bumper stickers and their fury against "bad Americans," themselves bear witness to the radical change their society is undergoing. It has lost its good conscience, its self-righteousness; it no longer closes its eyes to racism, social injustice, shady dealing and war crimes. It is even willing to admit, belatedly, that violence has always been a fundamental characteristic of life in America.

By the same token, America is reappraising its past, scrutinizing the Philippine expeditions at the turn of the century—the precursor of American intervention in Vietnam—and seeing in the history of 18th-century racial violence the origins of more recent troubles. It is using historical criticism to sift the values and myths which have until now held American society together. This painful backward look confirms that Watts and My Lai were not accidents, mere excesses or unlucky happenings.

As a result of all this, said George Wald: "The image Americans have of America is changing. Youth is asking questions and not always getting answers. This is a generation in search of a future. . . . They are skeptical; they distrust all leaders because they feel them to be corrupt."

Other sectors of society are more than skeptical. In New York, for example, on Fifth Avenue, a smartly dressed black could be seen hawking a Panther newspaper unmolested, despite its back-page drawing of a black militant with his rifle at the ready. "Freedom," read a banner headline, and underneath it, this warning in large print: "The day the pigs attempt to turn on the switch to the electric chair on chairman Bobby and Sister Ericka, will be the day of mass execution of all pigs."

But this sort of free expression does not in fact pose much danger to the Establishment. The principal Black

Panther leaders—those who have not been shot—are in exile. For several months, a relative calm has reigned in the ghettos, as in the universities. A more subtle sort of violence is imposed by the ideas which are eroding the American "consensus." The first casualty of this kind of intellectual subversion is puritanism: not so much the variety based on prudishness or hypocrisy—eroticism, pornography and sexual freedom have been eating away at that for some time—but the more fundamental sort which glorifies work and takes material success for a sign of God's favor. "For the people of my generation," one college professor pointed out, "work is an essential part of life. Youth is asking whether there isn't something more important in life than work and success."

In *The End of the American Era*, Andrew Hacker, professor of government at Cornell, recalls that this aspect of the Protestant ethic, adopted in the United States by Catholics and Jews as well, has been a factor in welding the unity that has been essential to the development of American society. Now it is being attacked by middle-class youth who do not want to "succeed" in the sense that their parents succeeded. Just as students are calling for courses more in tune with "life," youth entering the professions do not want "meaningless" work.

It is easy to criticize the consumer society while profiting from its material advantages; but a further step has been taken by the dropouts—those who deliberately subsist on the margin of society, clinging, perhaps, to the utopian desire to substitute an ideal of service for that of profit. This attitude ends up by becoming political when it calls into question not only science and technology but the uses to which these are put in the name of material gain. While underdeveloped countries dream of achieving the technological successes of the United States, the most advanced of industrial nations is beginning to count the cost of its achievements.

The puritan ethic, which sanctifies work and scientific optimism, which has produced many of both the delights and the horrors of modern society, is still revered by large segments of the population. But a dogma can lose much of its force when it is discussed publicly, and America is discovering incredulously that there are cracks in the two pillars on which it has built its power and glory. Current unease focuses similarly on other icons. The flag, for instance, has been turned into cigarette papers used to roll joints, into bed sheets, into bikinis; the melting pot has been scrapped with the awakening of blacks to their own racial identity—followed by white "ethnics" who are neither Anglo-Saxon nor Protestant.

One of the most popular myths has been that of Horatio Alger. Sen. Edmund Muskie, whose family was Polish and poor, observed recently with some irony: "I am glad to discover that a poor boy can become President of this country—if he can pick up \$20 million for expenses on the way." The surest way to get rich is to be born of rich parents, sociologist C. Wright Mills observed as long ago as the mid-50s. The myth of equal opportunity crumbles before the exorbitant costs involved in electoral campaigns.

"In the course of history, the American people has been united by its adherence to exalted and powerful



myths," said a former assistant to Mayor John Lindsay. "Now it seems that we can't communicate except in the excitement that makes us all crowd around our television screens during the football season." President Nixon is quite right to be a great defender of sports—how else is he to govern a people of more than 200 million who no longer hold to the myths which united preceding generations?

With these largely abandoned, there has grown up a thirst for immediate change, especially among the young. Harvard Prof. Edward Banfield summed it up: young protesters, he said, are hedonists who "live in the present and want the reforms they are calling for to be introduced promptly—today." They will fight for a cause, but when rapid results are not forthcoming, the cause is likely to change every two or three years: first it was racial integration, then Vietnam, followed by pollution, and tomorrow some other crusade as lofty will be as quickly abandoned for something newer still.

This thirst for novelty and instant results—"Freedom Now!"—is undoubtedly one of the principal handicaps to all the activist and revolutionary movements. Roger Revelle, director of the Harvard Center for Population Studies, was right: "Speed is part of our mythology, when in fact we are a slow-moving society." Youth finds it hard to resign itself to this.

Angry Americans are still far from a majority; they have not shaken the established order but they have broken the "consensus" without which democracy is vulnerable. The social organism is healthy enough to react, to develop its own antibodies. But the political apparatus which should be diverting administrative energies into acceptable solutions seems strangely paralyzed, more stubborn than understanding, hesitant, even impotent.

History shows that the dynamic American society does

not always wait for its government to furnish, as if by magic, all solutions. Yet the paradox remains that while protest has helped to alter the climate, gain ground for new ideas, and give currency to hitherto unflaunted attitudes because they correspond to today's needs, the fundamental processes of this society have not changed: tens of millions of families still dream of dishwashers and air conditioners.

"Student radicals accuse me of organizing the poor for decadent, degenerate, bourgeois, bankrupt, immoral values," said Saul Alinsky, labor organizer who supported last year's strike of Mexican grape pickers. "But do you know what the poor want? They want a bigger slice of those decadent, degenerate, bourgeois, bankrupt immoral values." The gulf is unbridgeable between those who want to *have* and those who, having, want to *be*.

The consumer society can still prosper, however, in co-existence with the Left's "counter-culture." Madison Avenue quickly learned to assimilate for profit the themes of protest. Does the counter-culture suggest that searching for "identity" is more important than accumulating consumer goods? Then an advertisement for a major women's magazine shows a young woman who has "found her identity" and feels "important" because the "biggest business firms are all working for her. Does the collapse of the myth of a classless society provoke dreams of an egalitarian world? One solution is Whirlpool's new Trash Masher, which compresses the household wastes of rich and poor alike into the same-sized block of rubbish: "Garbage is the Great Equalizer," proclaims Whirlpool. The system knows how to profit from the situation by marketing clothes, records, films, posters, jewelry, dishes and other articles as symbols, perhaps even the essence, of protest.

None of this prevents even the well-off from feeling the current recessionary pinch, and those who suffer moral

qualms about the strait-jacket of materialism are finding cold comfort in the worries brought on by unemployment and inflation. The grindings of the machine nevertheless sometimes bestow a certain ironic, bittersweet joy. "It was marvelous!" reported one man who had to wait hours for a plane delayed by jammed runways. And there is something seraphic in the sarcastic recollections of another New Yorker of that splendid blackout when there were no lights, no subway, no elevators, no air conditioning, no refrigerators. It takes a highly refined sensibility to find amusement in these foretastes of the Apocalypse.

The Apocalypse is not unavoidable: the feeling among bankers, businessmen, economists and brokers is that the means to head it off are available. But no one knows just when America will emerge from darkness nor exactly how the light will finally break through.

Every day, there is a new ration of bad news: the bankruptcy of the cities, the universities and the railroads; the errors of foresight in the federal budget; the inefficiency of much big business and of the Pentagon; the increasing difficulty in assuring adequate public transport, garbage collection, and even the security of city streets; the slow workings of the House and Senate. All of these lead young demonstrators to question the myth of American know-how.

The search for new administrative mechanisms, new levels of power, new political reforms is frighteningly complicated and nothing can be done in a day. And success, if it comes, will depend to a large extent on continuing pressure from the young and the dissatisfied.

President Nixon knows this and is beginning to bring all his attention to bear on the domestic problems of a society in upheaval. The more open-minded Americans, whatever their political affiliations, also know that to acknowledge that America is going through "growing

pains" will not in itself exorcise the demons afflicting its society.

Everyone agrees that nothing can be resolved until the Vietnamese War is stopped. But today's America cannot withdraw into itself. America has a role to play on the world scene, say youth, the intellectuals and a good many businessmen—a role which does not require sending Marines to the Dominican Republic or Vietnam. As Dr. Revelle has said: "The salvation of the United States lies in our ability to preserve or to rediscover a sense of mission. We must be convinced that we have an interest in building a better world."

In the face of such a suggestion cynics in Europe will once again mistake generosity for simple-mindedness. One can perhaps remind them that the greatest naiveté is to be found among the Pentagon chiefs, who stubbornly call for a military victory in Vietnam; while the liveliest intelligence and the greatest generosity are deployed by the war's adversaries. It is the latter who are at the heart of all the questing, of all the experiments calculated to break up the conformism that the young—and the not so young—have found so oppressive.

In uncertainty and anxiety, in anger and sometimes in despair, a new way of life is evolving which already, if still tentatively, is impressing itself on the politicians, and everything happening in America will sooner or later come to pass in Europe. I give Roger Revelle the last word:

I think, I hope, I believe that we will eventually succeed in solving many of our problems, soon enough so that the worst effects of our crises will not rebound on Europe. Europeans have yet to catch up with us; this permits them, if they really understand us, to avoid our most disastrous mistakes and profit by our successes. Historically, to be in the rear guard is a safeguard. □

JOBS & WELFARE

EMPLOYER OF FIRST RESORT

FRANK RIESSMAN and ALAN GARTNER

Mr. Riessman is editor of Social Policy and professor of educational sociology at New York University. Mr. Gartner is associate director of New Careers Development Center, New York University. With Mary Kohler, they are the authors of Children Teach Children, to be published by Harper & Row early this summer.

Contrary to popular impression, the welfare state has not tended to create permanent jobs for the poor in the public sector. More typically, it has provided welfare and training without any assurance of employment. When the private sector is unable to absorb the work force, the government provides temporary jobs which function as a transitional stopgap until the private sector moves out of the recession. This pattern places the government as employer of last resort.

Only recently has a new formulation of policy emerged,

what Sen. Gaylord Nelson (D., Wis.) calls government as the employer of *first* resort. It springs from the conviction that important public needs are being neglected and that a prime responsibility of government is to provide the manpower required to attend to them. A crisis of unemployment then becomes an opportunity to create the necessary jobs. This concept was embodied in the Comprehensive Manpower Training bill, passed by both houses of Congress last year, but vetoed by President Nixon. The bill provided for 310,000 permanent, productive jobs in public service, in education, health, safety, recreation, etc. The people so employed would perform services essential to the society. Moreover, the jobs were not to be temporary, nor preparation for returning the worker to the private sector.

Mr. Nixon attacked the bill on the ground that it would produce dead-end, make-work jobs. That his veto message was essentially rhetoric, is shown by the

fact that the public service proposals he is now offering are entirely for temporary, low-wage (\$1.20 per hour) jobs, aimed at moving people off welfare.

Two new manpower approaches are currently being considered in Congress. One, President Nixon's, includes a provision for 225,000 temporary public service jobs for relief clients, the goal being to "induce" them off welfare. The President also proposes that local governments be allowed to use a portion of their manpower program funds for temporary jobs. Thus he is trying to save his welfare reform plans, his manpower reorganization schemes and his revenue sharing proposal, using a watered down Keynesian notion of government as the employer of last resort in an attempt to ward off criticism and enlist support.

The second approach, supported by thirty-two Senators from both sides of the aisle, is now being considered in the Senate Labor Committee. (Similar bills are being prepared in the House.) The Senate bill contains essentially the same positive public service features that Congress passed last year in the Comprehensive Manpower Training bill. However, the new bill attempts to get around the President's real objections—that the jobs created would be permanent in the public sector and not stopgaps awaiting return of the workers to the "competitive" private sector, or what the Administration likes to call "regular" jobs. Public employment, therefore, would be tied to the rate of unemployment; if it dropped to 4.5 per cent, the program would be suspended. However, that is relatively unlikely, and the effect of the bill would be to produce permanent public service jobs. Probably for that reason, Secretary of Labor Hodgson has opposed it in committee.

At first glance, it might appear curious that the welfare state should place huge numbers of people on the welfare rolls, instead of developing a guaranteed employment program in the public sector. However, there are reasons behind this policy. The entire welfare system acts to subsidize low-wage industry, whereas a guaranteed public service employment program would push wages up and be very costly to industry, especially in the South. Welfare-state programs are designed to patch up and stabilize the private sector as the dominant element of capitalist society. The welfare state has never tried to produce lasting public service jobs, but is concerned rather with meeting temporary employment crises.

The Comprehensive Manpower Training bill which Mr. Nixon vetoed was an attempt by Senate progressives to move beyond those simple welfare-state notions to a new concept of government both as employer of first resort and as being immediately responsible for providing the needed public services. That both Democrats and Republicans in both houses of the Congress supported the bill, and that it came so close to being enacted, may be read as evidence that the legislature is closer than the executive to the problems of American society. Individual Congressmen were no doubt influenced by some or all of the following considerations:

¶The private sector has consistently failed to absorb large numbers of the unemployed, and unemployment has risen sharply in the context of the Administration's way of dealing with inflation.

¶The minorities and the poor are demanding permanent meaningful jobs—work that provides services for them as consumers and employment for them as producers.

¶Swollen welfare rolls have occasioned an enormous rise in expenditures, and thus of taxes.

¶War creates make-work, useless, temporary jobs, and much of the private sector is polluting the earth while rapidly exhausting its resources.

¶The great need for services is not being met in schools, health, law, recreation, etc.

¶The poor can readily do effective work in these fields.

¶A growing public acceptance of guaranteed employment is to be seen in public opinion polls.

¶Students, and the young generally, are demanding a new quality of life, one that includes useful services for everyone. (Their disposition to provide services, rather than enter traditional careers, is also relevant.)

¶American society is becoming more service-oriented, as the proportion of industrial workers drops and the proportion of service employees rises.

The welfare state has never implemented a genuine policy of job creation. Thus the attitude now emerging may forecast a major transition to a society in which the public sector is increasingly dominant. The time has come, it may be, to move beyond welfare-state capitalism. □

LETTERS (Continued from page 418)

director to give this investigation the absolute highest priority and released, without questions, staff and funds. . . . Toward the closing days of the session, he conducted meetings of the full committee in which the staff was given every opportunity to present a picture of these extensive abuses and the record will show that there never was a single restraint on the committee staff: Secretary Romney, as a result of committee pressures, finally suspended the 235 program until those who have been hurt have been made whole and until the program can be structured to serve its Congressional purpose. . . .

Wright Patman is one of the strong men of our age. . . . As a politician, he knows that his "utopian" legislation which he introduces periodically will not be adopted because of a lack of support by his committee. However, he does not hesitate to take advantage of every political weapon at his command to enact as much of his philosophy as possible. . . .

One other item that I should have mentioned was a little ole thing called Truth-in-Lending. For the first time there was an accurate disclosure of interest rates to the consumer as well as a federal limitation on the garnishment of wages. Patman chaired a conference in which the House of Representatives and the consumer prevailed over an industry-dominated Senate bill. . . . *James F. Doherty*

Washington, D.C.

DEAR SIR: I wish to correct only one point in my article. Depicting Mr. Patman's role in the matter of the CIA and the foundations, I wrote that he disclosed none of these connections. This is inaccurate. In 1964 he did reveal the connection between the CIA and the Kaplan Foundation. But after an off-the-record conversation with IRS officials, he thereupon dropped the subject. Not even when reporters reopened the CIA-foundations issue in 1967 did he show any interest in it, even though his own files contained information linking several Texas foundations to the CIA.

Robert Sherrill

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Politics and the Black Novel

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MISS JANE PITTMAN. By Ernest J. Gaines. Dial Press. 256 pp. \$6.95.

JERRY H. BRYANT

Mr. Bryant is the author of *The Open Decision: The Contemporary American Novel and Its Intellectual Background* (Free Press). He is at present working on a study of fiction written by black American authors since World War II.

"The strength of the contemporary Negro is in being ready to die." So John A. Williams tells us in *This Is My Country Too*. The statement is not a vain pose. There is more than enough proof that a great many blacks believe the same thing and are willing to demonstrate their strength. This is not a collective desire to destroy the race, not a death wish. It is a life wish, that in a country preoccupied with killing in order to preserve its worn-out myths and illusions, constitutes a powerful and promising force. For the black man in America, the pursuit of life has always been a political matter, implying the probability of death. For the black man in America, engagement in political action is an attempt to expand the race's possibilities for life, and the black who participates in it expresses his readiness to die.

Until now, this truth has been clothed only in the plainest of garments, like Williams' sentence, whose bluntness has a certain effectiveness, but is not designed to suggest the great tides of history and feeling upon which it is borne. In *The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman*, Ernest Gaines has not only created a new form for the expression of this truth but he has by means of that form increased its significance and given it a wider and deeper meaning. He has done it gracefully, unpretentiously and entertainingly.

More important from the literary point of view—and my present purpose—with this new novel, Gaines resolves a dilemma that has long troubled American writers, especially black ones: the apparent incompatibility of imaginative literature on the one hand and political philosophy, political speculation, on the other. An understanding of that dilemma and the way Gaines has resolved it are crucial to an appreciation of the mag-

nitude of his achievement and its significance for American letters.

In Gaines's first two novels, *Catherine Carmier* and *Of Love and Dust*, this dilemma takes the form of deep uneasiness and uncertainty. Obviously, Gaines loves the land and the people he writes about, the blacks and whites living on the plantations and the small sharecropper farms of the post-bellum Louisiana bayou country. His stories evoke the atmosphere of the old slave "quarters," the exhausting work in the cane and cotton fields, the hot summers and the cold winters, the dusty white plantation roads, the decaying grandeur of the once great plantation houses.

Gaines has a very special feeling for his old "aunts," who signify this land, who have endured, and who try to teach their young ones to endure also. They are nearly always his best characters. But much of what Gaines loves about this land and its people works to perpetuate the slave mentality and the oppression of the black by the white. Gaines cannot reconcile these contradictions. The difficulty shows up especially in those of his characters who rebel against the old and the venerable. Marcus Payne, for example, in *Of Love and Dust*, is right to resist the Southern code that makes him virtually a physical and spiritual slave. But Gaines undercuts him by making him thoughtless and arrogant. These novels suggest that there can be no reform of a repugnant system without sacrificing something of great value. It is as if the new and the old are mutually exclusive alternatives, both so weighted with contradictions and unacceptable sacrifices that Gaines can choose neither.

This paradox links Gaines with the classic American novelist who, as Richard Chase puts it, "proposed and accepted an imaginative world of radical, even irreconcilable contradictions." Chase suggests that bewilderment, contradiction, ambivalence, all mirror the main preoccupations of the American writer. For the white this may be true. His subject has never been his own slavery, but a world whose nature is in itself contradictory, and whose main issues are the conflicting attractions of good and evil, order and chaos, the practical and the ideal. The black novelist has never been ignorant of these issues.

It is simply that for him they are secondary. His preoccupations are not cosmic but political, not with the inherent nature of the world but with the racial injustice created by men. It would be ridiculous for the black writer to propose and accept slavery as the ground of his richly ambiguous satisfaction. There is nothing mysterious or fascinating or enlivening about slavery.

It was Gaines's intuition of this unacceptable contradiction that led him to end his two novels, and a couple of his stories in *Bloodline* on equivocal notes, notes that reflect uneasiness and uncertainty rather than a willingness, as Chase says, to rest "among irreconcilables." Beneath his uneasiness lies the broader dilemma of the black writer I have referred to. On the one hand, unless the black novelist in some way speaks directly to the unnaturalness of his people's situation, either protesting against it or advocating steps to eradicate it, he will satisfy no one completely. On the other hand, when he does choose one or both of these courses, he falls into another difficulty: he commits himself to advocacy. The literary narrative has never been an effective platform for even the most general politics, just as politics has never been a successful subject for the literary narrative.

The most celebrated black novel, *Invisible Man*, contains no attempt to solve the problem. Ellison poses several political courses, but he encumbers them all with some deficiency that invalidates them. By the end of the novel, far from advocating collective political action, the narrator advocates total withdrawal. There is, of course, that late sentence, in which the narrator admits that he has perhaps "overstayed my hibernation, since there's a possibility that even an invisible man has a socially responsible role to play." Much has been made of this, largely, I think, because we all really do want some valid justification of political action. But Ellison does not give us that. Instead, first he has his narrator justify withdrawal ("what else could I do"), then he has him suggest that the real problem lies in the black, as well as the white, psyche, and that the invisible man is possibly no better than those to whom he is trying to show the truth: "Who knows but that, on the lower frequencies, I speak for you?"

For all its brilliance, I cannot help but regard *Invisible Man* as the result of Ellison's refusal to face his subject. It is significant that since 1952 he has written no fiction of any note. I feel the same way about Baldwin, much as I admire his novels. Both these authors turned away from their most urgent themes and embraced instead the ambiguities appropriate to the Melvilles and Faulkners of our literary tradition, but not to the Ellisons and Baldwins. The black writer, as I have said, is every bit as sensitive to the issues that move our white writers, but he cannot evade the pre-eminent fact of his life: his blackness sets him in a different world. If it is to mirror his experience accurately, his fiction must differ from that of white writers.

The first black novelist to face squarely the problem of politics and the novel was William Gardner Smith, in *South Street*, and then in *The Stone Face*. In both novels, his protagonist seeks to escape the exhausting tensions of being black in a white world by withdrawing into the life of the mind. But in the end, after agonizing over the problem, he chooses to return to the life of political action, even though that choice requires him to sacrifice the peace he yearns for. Unfortunately, only a few black novelists have followed Smith's lead. In the sixties, black writers went in several different directions. The social protest novel, whose prototype is *Native Son*, becomes an apolitical document of life in the black ghetto. Nathan Heard's *Howard Street*, which is very good, Robert Pharr's *The Book of Numbers*, which is not at all good, and Louise Meriwether's *Daddy Was a Number Runner*, which is mediocre, all exploit the current white appetite for what it is "really like" to live in a ghetto. Except for Heard's book, these stories do not go very deep. Some novelists have turned to the black musician, the archetypal black artist, as a means of exploring the sensitivity of the collective black soul and its abuse by white prejudice—for example, John A. Williams in *Night Song* and William Melvin Kelley in *A Drop of Patience*, both rewarding novels.

There is also in recent fiction by black authors a move toward stylistic experimentation. Some of the results of this are boring and pretentious. Robert Boles's *Curling* is boring, and Carlene Polite's *The Flagellants* is unbelievably pretentious. But Charles Wright's *The Wig*, for all its strained humor and occasional immaturity, shows that the black writer can find rich subjects without taking on political questions. And Ishmael Reed, who has learned much from Charles Wright, makes in *The Free-Lance Pallbearers* and *Yellow-Back Radio Broke Down* what in my opinion are the bright-

est contributions to American satire since Mark Twain. Yet others have turned to older literary forms: Kelley to myth and epic in *A Different Drummer*, and Ronald Fair to fable in *Many Thousand Gone*. Both of these novels are good, but they lack scope and trenchancy.

There are many good black writers around. For example, I don't think there is any better writing anywhere, in or out of dialect, than the first several pages of Cecil Brown's *The Life and Loves of Mr. Jiveass Nigger*. Unfortunately, the rest of the novel falls back into the old subjects and the sophisticated clichés. And in spite of the numbers of fine writers working at present, there has been no fully satisfactory novel conceived by a black writer that deals with politics and does not turn into propaganda. Sam Greenlee's *The Spook Who Sat by the Door* plunges headlong into politics and activism, proclaiming that armed revolution is the only way the white has left the black to win freedom and dignity. Similar sentiments have been voiced brilliantly in the rhetoric of political essays and speeches—as in Baldwin's *The Fire Next Time* and the recorded orations of Malcolm X. But when Greenlee attempts to translate first-rate polemic into fiction, he gives us tenth-rate writing and a story of puerile wish fulfillment.

Of all the attempts up to now to merge politics and the novel, John A. Williams comes nearest to success in his very fine *The Man Who Cried I Am*, a novel that is really a kind of allegory or morality play about a worldwide white conspiracy against the peoples of color. In it, Williams links the cancer of which his protagonist, Max Reddick, is dying with the black man's growing realization of the true nature of the white man's determination to maintain his supremacy. Ironically, Williams suggests, the black man cannot immunize himself against either the literal or the figurative cancer. He must learn; then he must reveal what he learns. And he must die when the white decides he knows too much. Yet, Williams' novel sometimes echoes the propaganda and sociology that have plagued the political novel in America from the first.

No American novelist, either white or black, has been able to harmonize these discordant notes. No novelist, that is, before Gaines. The secret of his success in *The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman* is the character of Miss Jane. When Gaines's "editor," who records Miss Jane's story on tape, is asked why he cannot go to his history books for an explanation of the post-bellum era, he says that "Miss Jane is not in them." In the same way, the

black novel has fallen short because Miss Jane has not been in it. Miss Jane is a master of her people's language, with its sensuous vocabulary and its large store of figures of speech. More than that, she is unsurpassed as a storyteller; her knowledge of her subject and the forms through which that subject can best be articulated seems complete. She tells us about her early attempts to get to Ohio, her decision to remain on the Bone plantation in Louisiana, her life with her common-law husband Joe Pittman, her experiences with Ned Douglass and Jimmy Aaron, and her growing into old age. She casts this story in the forms of her people—myth, fable, folk tale—combining seriousness with humor, satire with comedy, mild self-ridicule with social protest. It is impossible for her not to interpret her experience. It is also impossible for her to embody her interpretations in abstract statements. Her medium is the concrete and the specific.

Miss Jane does not tell us that "with emancipation, the freed black man took a new name to symbolize his birth into a new life." She composes a creation myth:

Then somebody said: "My new name Abe Washington. Don't call me Buck no more. . . ." Nobody was keeping the same name Old Master had given them. This one would say, "My new name Cam Lincoln." That one would say, "My new name Job." "Job what?" "Just Job." "Nigger, this ain't slavery no more. You got to have two names." "Job Lincoln, then."

She does not merely tell us that when Reconstruction collapsed, whites roamed about in bands terrorizing ex-slaves. She gives us a folk tale:

Just after the war many colored people tried to go out and start their own little farm. The secret groups would come out there and beat them just because their crops was cleaner than the white man's crop. Another time they would beat a man because he had some grass in his crop. "What you growing there, Hawk?" they would ask him. "Corn, Master," Hawk would say. "That look like grass out there to me, Hawk," they would say. "Well, maybe a little bit, Master," Hawk would say. "But 'fore day in the morning I surely get it out—if the Lord spare." "No, you better start right now, Hawk," they would say. Then they would make you get down on your hands and knees and eat grass till you got sick. If they didn't get enough fun out of watching you throw-up, they would tie you to a fence post or to a tree and beat you.

Jane does not state abstractly that the familiar division between old conservative and youthful rebel was present as early as emancipation. She shows it to

us in a fable. When the slaves on her plantation are freed, old Unc Isom tries to keep the young and the old from splitting up:

"You telling us to stay here?" somebody young said.

"Them who want stay, stay," he said. "Them who must go, go. But this is no time for weeping. Rejoice now."

"We leaving out," somebody young said. "If the old people want stay here, stay. We free, let's move. . . ."

"You free from what?" Unc Isom said. "Free to do what—break more hearts?"

"Niggers hearts been broke ever since niggers been in this world," somebody young said.

Jane's story is an epic poem. Literally, it is an account of Jane's life. Figuratively, it is a metaphor of the collective black experience: the innocent dream of true freedom deliberately fostered by the North; the betrayal of that dream by the North; the return to *de facto* slavery; the black woman's determination to endure; the black man's increasingly effective use of his increasingly greater courage. Jane lives for more than a century. She endures the butchery of her people by the sick and angry white Southerner. She lives while her husband Joe is killed by a wild stallion he attempts to recapture, while her foster son Ned Douglass is shot while trying to educate his people to their legal and moral rights, and while her foster grandson, Jimmy Aaron, dies at the hands of outraged whites for organizing the first civil rights demonstration in Gaines's imaginary town of Bayonne.

The length of Jane's life is itself an expression of the race's longevity. But sheer duration has no worth in itself, is no sign of true life. Many of Gaines's old "aunts" preach that stoical endurance is the appropriate response of the black man to injustice, calling for the black to cooperate in the perpetuation of white control. As long as that control exists, the black race cannot claim true life, no matter how long it endures. To break the white man's control, some kind of political action is required. Gaines sees that action arising from the same source as does John A. Williams: the readiness to die. Joe is the first to express the courage of such readiness when he confirms his manhood by determining to capture the wild stallion. Joe tests his courage against nature. His spiritual sons, Ned and Jimmy, whom he never knows, apply their inheritance from Joe to political action against a system of racial injustice.

All three of Jane's men die in the purchase of manhood, dignity, self-respect: feelings which serve true life.

WARPOEM TO MY CLASSMATES

*To rape, and then to quarter
the fragile human form.*

*Rustsearing bloodclotting stainless steel blade
cuts deep into my smooth and florid youth.*

In the room, I sit among the beautiful ones.

Fragrant the poetry of their Yiddish eyes.

*In the classroom I hold fast to them,
and think of war.*

David Rosenthal

Joe, Ned and Jimmy live shorter lives than Jane, but live them at higher intensities of satisfaction. The enduring woman and the courageous man are the indispensable elements of the black race's life. Together they embody the characteristic features of life: growth and change. The point, it seems, could be made only through the medium of epic and its concomitants of myth, fable and folk tale without turning into propaganda. The political act, Gaines suggests, is the sign of growth, and implies both duration and satisfaction. The novel's last scene makes all of this explicit. The white plantation owner Robert Samson

attempts to prevent Jane and her people from going into Bayonne to take part in a political demonstration. For both Jane and Samson, this is a crisis of transition. Jane has never participated in a demonstration, and Samson has never approved of black political action. Samson fails to make the leap, and exposes himself and the culture he reflects as moribund. Jane succeeds, ready to follow through the openings achieved by her men and extend black life outward into the unknown. "Me and Robert," she writes in her last sentence, "looked at each other a long time, then I went by him." □

Cavafy—The Art of the Dramatic

PASSIONS AND ANCIENT DAYS: Twenty-One New Poems. By C. P. Cavafy. Selected and translated by Edmund Keeley and George Savidis. The Dial Press. 68 pp. \$5.

WILLIAM BURFORD

Mr. Burford's last book of poems was A Beginning (W. W. Norton).

Cavafy and his poems have reached the proportions of a legend in both the Greek- and English-speaking worlds. In the latter it began as far back as 1923 with E. M. Forster's portrayal of Cavafy in *Pharos and Pharillon*; the legend grew, after a lapse, in Lawrence Durrell's "Alexandria Quartet"; behind it, or along with it, giving it a kind of critical reinforcement, were such careful studies as C. M. Bowra's chapter on Cavafy in *The Creative Experiment* published in 1948. The list of translations of Cavafy's poems into English is now long. For the last translation of what was thought to be at the time (1961) *The Complete Poems of Cavafy*, Auden wrote a highly appreciative introduction. Since then, seventy-five unpublished poems have come to light, of which twenty-one are now published in the present volume, in the original Greek and in English translation.

As for the legend, in both Greek and English, one may read *Twelve Poems for Cavafy* by the contemporary Greek poet, Yannis Ritsos, published in Athens in 1963 and in issue #4 of the magazine, *Modern Poetry in Translation* (1968).

This latest, and perhaps final addition to our knowledge of Cavafy's poems, and the introduction to it written by the translators, bring the elements of the legend together again. The *Passions* of the title are homosexual passions, and the *Ancient Days* are Cavafy's poems based on historical events and figures principally from the Hellenistic period. There are also a few poems that might be classified as philosophical, and to recognize that Cavafy's philosophy was Stoic is to bring us to the means, the method, by which Cavafy created himself and his world in his poems. To a large extent the legend of Cavafy is the result of his keenly dramatic sense, not in any way meretricious or superficially calculated, but deeply worked out in his art. Stoicism, along with its rather resigned attitude toward Fate, taught men to see themselves as actors, to realize without illusion what part each man was ultimately meant to play in life, and then to carry out this role with a kind of dramatic candor. Yet, true Stoicism never encouraged

the histrionic in men, which Eliot objected to in the character of Othello, but rather it ideally produced an absolute honesty with respect to themselves and others. Dramatic recognition of self was a quality different from, more dignified and quieter than, histrionics.

Almost without exception Cavafy's mature poems are staged, as it were, as Stoic dramas. That is to say, the plots and the actors of the poems—and each poem is a dramatic story—present a confrontation between the illusions that men deceive themselves with, in love or politics, and the actual facts of their position, the real parts that life has been preparing for them to take. Such is the basic Cavafian plot, in which the poet himself is sometimes the chief player, or sometimes a historical figure through whom or to whom Cavafy's intelligence speaks, or sometimes there are several characters who express the drama among themselves. It is this sense of the dramatic that raises Cavafy and his poetry from an indulgence in his sexual secret, homosexuality, that might have left his work little more than the subject of gossip or sensationalism or cultism. Even his historical poems, his Hellenistic portraits, would have succumbed to eccentric antiquarianism without his dramatic method.

A number of the poems in this new collection reiterate the dramatic situations and the recognition of roles which can be found in *The Complete Poems* of 1961 (translated by Rae Dalven). Cavafy's realization of his homosexual "part" in life and the shaping of his art through his special sexual experience is presented by him in a poem dated 1915 in *Passions and Ancient Days*, thus placing it prior to a poem on the same theme dated 1918 in *The Complete Poems*. The earlier poem, here published for the first time in English, is titled "And I Leaned and Lay on Their Beds" and tells of a visit to a brothel which offered both female and male whores and Cavafy's choice of the latter. It is much more literally specific than the later poem, "Understanding," and though Cavafy was not in any way evasive about his sexual life in the poems already published before these newly discovered ones, we may guess that he had chosen to keep this particular poem in a file of what he judged to be unfinished poems because he was not quite satisfied with his method of presenting the dramatic secret. D. H. Lawrence in his essay, "Pornography and Obscenity," after castigating the pornography of keeping the dirty little secret of sex hidden, goes on to warn that the rush toward complete openness in the sexual life destroys the sense of secrecy which gives sex a large part of its thrill. Cavafy developed a method of both re-

vealing the nature of his sexual secret and still keeping it intimately close to himself, still maintaining its dramatic potency.

He seems to have known what Simone Weil pointed out about homosexuality, that it is an "impossible" emotion, but its impossibility, which to Simone Weil's mind necessarily resulted in the transformation of homosexual eroticism into spiritual perception, meant nothing of the sort to Cavafy, though in an early poem, titled "There Is a Blessed Joy" in *The Complete Poems*, Cavafy wrote: "And I think that the choicest life/Is the life that cannot be lived." What Cavafy dramatically did with homosexuality was not to turn it into platonic spirituality—and after all, the history of Western poetry is already filled with that solution—but rather to turn it into a lifetime's search for the "totally erotic" moment, or the remembrance of totally erotic moments, however far apart they occurred in time. He does not want to learn platonic elevation from them; he wants, rather, to be made to feel fully erotically alive, and to feel thus alive does not lead to a spiritual surpassing or abandoning of the erotic source of his feeling but on the contrary an immersion in this source, however impossible of continuance such a condition may be. The very impossibility calls for courage, not a solution, on his part.

A poem titled "Half an Hour" in this new collection makes the Cavafian drama of the sexual life clear.

I never had you, nor will I ever have you,

I suppose. A few words, an approach, as in the bar yesterday, and nothing more.

It's regretful, I admit. But we who serve Art

sometimes by intensity of mind, and of course only

for a short time, are able to create pleasure

which seems almost tangible.

That's how in the bar yesterday—

with the help of compassionate drink—

I had half an hour that was totally erotic.

And I think you understood this

and stayed a little longer on purpose.

It was very necessary, that. Because

for all the imagination, for all the magic alcohol,

I needed to see your lips as well.

I needed your body to be near.

So far as I am familiar with the traditions of Western love poetry, this poem of Cavafy's strikes me as uniquely original. It has an absolute psychological candor; beyond this, it has a humility that seems to me deeper than the Platonic and Christian concepts of the relation of the lover to the beloved. The humility consists in

Cavafy's not wanting to transform the adolescent boy or young man into some symbol of spiritual significance; he wants him to be there exactly for what he is; he completely accepts the value of his physical existence.

There is a suggestion, at one point in the poem, that Cavafy, the artist (which the young man is not), may be making use of his presence for an artistic emotion, but this aspect of the experience disappears in Cavafy's admission that neither art nor alcohol is capable of producing any illusion that is independent of the overwhelming fact of the power of the other's presence. Furthermore, Cavafy recognizes in Stoic fashion his true position as an older man with whom the young man will not fall in love, yet will be kind to for half an hour, out of his sensitivity to Cavafy's need. (The poem was written in 1917 when Cavafy was 54 years old.) The portrayal of the two characters together reveals the sharpness, the completeness, of Cavafy's dramatic sense, which is based on an almost transparent honesty of self, in conjunction with a recognition of the psychological reality of another human being. And the poem, in Cavafy's typical manner, places the reader directly in the presence of the dramatic scene. It is not a dramatic monologue, written in meditation

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above the facts, as it were. How undramatic most dramatic monologues in effect are. None of Cavafy's love poems, even the ones in which his memory revisits the times and places of his lovemaking, takes the form of the usual dramatic monologue, the kind of hovering meditation that is rarely quick enough to keep pace with our wish for an actual story, a wish that Cavafy hardly ever fails to fulfill.

If for no other reason, he should be read for his sense of dramatic timing, that since Homer had been one of the chief talents of Greek poetry but which Cavafy almost alone exhibits among the moderns. Neither Kazantzakis, with the disproportionate and virtually interminable pseudo-Nietzschean grandiloquence of his *Odyssey*, nor Seferis, in his hermetic symbolism, seems related to the classic Greek dramatic sense. Cavafy is.

Passions and Ancient Days makes it clear that Cavafy, during the span of his forty years of creativity, held to certain plots and figures which he did not so much repeat as present in various moments of dramatic destiny, when the story of a life was at a crucial, usually Stoic, turning point. The figures are of two kinds: the fools, like the Emperor Julian the Apostate, who never understand the role they are playing—the opening poem in this new book is one about Julian at an especially foolish moment in his career; and the Stoic heroes, such as Mark Antony, who is the subject of one of Cavafy's most famous poems, "The God Forsakes Antony," published in *The Complete Poems* with a date of 1911. In *Passions and Ancient Days* there is also a poem on Antony written five years earlier. Both poems present him in his final days of defeat at Alexandria. In the later poem Cavafy speaks in his own voice, which is that of the Stoic philosopher telling Antony how to play his final part well; in the earlier poem, titled "The End of Antony," there is a blending of Cavafy's voice with that of his character so that the two become as one.

*But when he heard the women wailing,
lamenting the horrible state he was in,
with Oriental gestures from the lady of
the house,
and the slaves with their barbarous
Greek,
the pride rose up in his soul,
his Italian blood revolted in disgust,
and all the things once so blindly cherished
suddenly seemed alien and dull—
all his reckless Alexandrian life—
and he told them not to wait for him.
That kind of thing was unbecoming.*

A completely realized character, a clearly delineated scene—out of the whole

play of Cavafy's poetry. Cavafy's triumph as an artist is precisely the result of his conceiving his life, his erotic life and his "historical" life, as a drama, not in any flamboyant public way but in the privacy of his imagination where he tested it

for foolishness and strength, and then was able to enact it in these poems, singularly, once secretly his own, yet which always contained the dramatic impulse that has the power it now shows to fascinate others. □

The Vitamin C Controversy

VITAMIN C AND THE COMMON COLD. By Linus Pauling. W. H. Freeman & Co. 122 pp. \$3.95. Paper \$1.95.

DORIS PLANZ

Mrs. Planz is working with a community project for runaways and nomadic minors in Greenwich Village. She expects to receive her Ph.D. in Public Health Nursing this year, based on research in ascorbic acid.

Anyone taking on the medical-industrial complex risks the consequences, but Dr. Pauling, the only man to win two Nobel Prizes, is used to opposition. He continues to work for man's welfare and for peace—and in the process he wins prizes.

In *Vitamin C and the Common Cold*, he clarifies the complicated story of ascorbic acid (popularly known as vitamin C). While that substance has long been recognized as essential to many bodily functions, Pauling presents evidence for his contention that generous amounts of it are effective in avoiding or lessening the severity of the common cold.

Dr. Pauling's past work has influenced the course and development of modern chemistry. The first to identify the structure of the protein molecule, he won the Nobel Prize for chemistry in 1954. The present book is in part an outgrowth of what he conceives of as the molecular approach to disease. He devotes a chapter to explaining this concept, under the label of "orthomolecular medicine," "the preservation of good health and the treatment of disease by varying the concentrations normally present of substances required for health." Here, then, is the molecular basis for determining human nutritional needs. The implications are revolutionary for preventive medicine.

Other experts in the field, such as the biochemist Irwin Stone, have developed a genetic theory to support a megavitamin approach to health. Among the higher animals, according to the theory, only man and his primate ancestors lack the natural ability to produce large amounts of ascorbic acid to meet their bodies' needs. This potentially lethal condition can be com-

pensated for only by means of a diet rich in that substance. The primates and man are also the only animals that are susceptible to the common cold viruses.

In human beings, the need for vitamin C differs from person to person by as much as twenty to one. Dr. Roger Williams, a biochemist at Texas University, describes these variations in terms of biochemical individuality. A biochemically, genetically individual approach to preventive medicine and good health, such as Dr. Pauling advocates, is radically different from the current, standardized drug treatment of the "average" person.

More conventional scientists have been trying for the past twenty-five years to develop a vaccine against the common cold, but they have been defeated by the thus far insurmountable problem of 100 or more causative viruses. Meanwhile, the public spends \$500 million annually for the hundreds of remedies on the market, none of which shortens or helps avoid a cold. Many of these products, moreover, are extremely toxic in small amounts and carry elaborate warnings of dangerous side effects. In comparison, for years textbooks have stated that ascorbic acid, a water-soluble vitamin, and therefore one not retained in the body, is nontoxic. In fact, it is recognized as a detoxifying agent.

Despite this characteristic lack of toxicity, Dr. Pauling clearly advises all persons, particularly those with chronic disorders, to consult their physicians before beginning the vitamin C regimen. Probably there is no substance on earth that is safe for everyone; we are all familiar with the toxic effects on some persons of common water, salt and sugar. Dr. Pauling presents cases of individual variation in response to vitamin C which are consistent with an expected normal curve.

The benefits of vitamin C were known for hundreds of years before the substance was isolated by another Nobel laureate, Albert Szent-Györgyi, forty-two years ago. He has always believed it a grave error to think that

the absence of scurvy, the fatal deficiency disease which can be avoided by a daily intake of as little as 10 milligrams of ascorbic acid, indicates an adequate ration of the substance. Pauling himself quotes him as saying, "We do not know what full health really means and how much ascorbic acid you need for it. What I can tell you is that one can take any amount without the least danger." In accordance with the theory that the optimum amount is an individual biochemical matter, Pauling proposes that this can be anywhere from 250 milligrams to as much as 3 grams or more a day. Additional amounts may be needed at the onset of a cold, and the book suggests how individual requirements might be determined.

While a cold is usually considered a rather uninteresting nuisance, the monetary loss in wages to cold sufferers in this country alone is estimated to be between \$5 billion and \$15 billion a year. And, of course, serious complications may follow a cold, including bronchitis, middle-ear infections and pneumonia. Despite the traditional attitude to colds, the public reaction to *Vitamin C and the Common Cold* has been expressed in increased sales of ascorbic acid to the point of exhausting wholesale supplies. The medical spokesmen remain skeptical as before. However, individual doctors have for years been prescribing large doses of vitamin C for other disorders, such as allergies, arthritis and infections, and to promote the healing of wounds. Often doctors take the attitude of the astronauts' physician: "Go ahead and take vitamin C. It probably won't help, but it won't hurt either." The doctors are waiting for the definitive research report.

As it happens, literally thousands of studies have been done, and Dr. Pauling selects nineteen of these for a remarkably intelligent re-examination. He demonstrates that while, in the search for 100 per cent effectiveness, positive results on a lesser scale were generally ignored or discounted, even the quite small amounts of vitamin C employed in the tests have a demonstrated value in protecting against colds or reducing their severity. A physician who attempted to report his success with vitamin C therapy for the common cold was refused publication by eleven medical journals. One of the editors stated that it would be harmful to the journal to publish an account of such treatment since 25 per cent of the advertising that supports medical journals is derived from patented remedies for cold

PRUDENCE CRANDALL

An Incident of Racism in Nineteenth-Century Connecticut

by EDMUND FULLER

"ON THE MORNING of Saturday, June 27, 1833, a sheriff entered the most beautiful house on the village green of Canterbury, Connecticut, and arrested Miss Prudence Crandall, Quaker gentlewoman and schoolmistress. She was expecting him."

Prudence Crandall ran a respectable boarding school for white girls until she admitted a black student, and later opened her school exclusively to black girls. Her actions aroused local resentment, which led to intimidation and harassment; they finally brought the enactment of Connecticut's "Black Law" in 1833. This vivid, compassionate book is a full account of that episode.

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—from the author's preface

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—CHARLES L. MARKMANN, *The Nation*

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symptoms. Dr. Pauling himself speculated that drug companies show little interest in ascorbic acid because it is a natural substance that is available at low cost and cannot be patented.

The most surprising response to the book came from a *New York Times* editorial accusing Dr. Pauling of charging greed on the part of the drug companies and others. The *Times*, not Pauling, called it greed. It is, of course, common knowledge that the drug industry, like every other industry, exists for the sake of profits. Why should the *Times* feel called upon to come to the defense of the drug manufacturers? Even odder is the newspaper's suggestion that Professor Pauling is guilty of "McCarthyism." The fact that the editorial appeared on November 30, 1970, before the book was available to the public, and that it contained such emotionally loaded terms, points to a calculated effort to prejudice the public response to the book.

Readers who consult their physicians about taking relatively large amounts of ascorbic acid are likely to be met with skepticism, and be confused rather than enlightened on the issue. The busy doctor often relies on drug publications for therapeutic recommendations. One of these, the respected *Medical Letters*, has severely criticized Dr. Pauling's evidence. However, its judgment in this instance was based on different standards from those it applied in at least one other case: the same issue of *Medical Letters* recommends a potentially dangerous flu vaccine, citing only four studies. The vaccine's benefits for the

WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED

*Sutures for the forked tongue,
twine twice-round for the heart.
Seals, approval, steamy backing.
It was in your head all along—
the way you spoke, the new skin
of growth and your "broken" heart.*

*Perhaps you imagined even her,
whose fairy kisses are psychogenic:
warts, deep vacuums, low aches.
It's not likely love should last
in this world, which does not pardon us,
by this sun no one may look at long.*

*From beauty, I have gone blind.
And here give in to all darkness.
The questions I asked of stones
will not be answered, the light
not shine in the eyes of the beloved
except I think I see it, and I do.*

Marvin Bell

proposed high-risk group have never been tested, nor is it approved by the FDA. This is indeed a strange contrast, a discrepancy of attitude all too characteristic of Dr. Pauling's critics.

The vitamin C controversy is far from over. It is clear that Dr. Pauling felt that the imminent restriction by the Food and Drug Administration of vitamin supplements, which would limit the availability of vitamin C, required him to present right now his accumulated evidence in its favor. Dr. Pauling is a most responsible scientist. The same concern for human welfare that won him the Nobel Prize for Peace in 1962 motivates this book. He is an outstanding example of the kind of scientist who is more needed now, in an era when the quality of our environment is rapidly deteriorating, than ever before—one chiefly concerned with the humanly useful applications of scientific knowledge. □

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

Reviewing Christopher Hampton's *The Philanthropist* from London (*The Nation*, September 21, 1970), I wrote: "What is most noteworthy about [the play] is not its smooth and witty writing . . . but the creation of a character which is usually accounted undramatically flaccid and which Hampton has nevertheless made entirely worth concern." My appreciation of this play now that it has been brought to New York (Ethel Barrymore Theatre) has not diminished, but I see it in another light.

What I like about *The Philanthropist* is that it is a "small" play. Despite prolix rambling in sophisticated and peppery verbiage, it is basically modest. It reaches for no great disclosures, no large theme, no pretentious insights. It dramatizes the plight of an untragic man. There is nothing especially interesting about him. He lives comfortably, he never offends by forceful opinion or wounding word. He never wins anything beyond the requirements of humdrum safety. He is endlessly patient and, in this I suppose, thoroughly English.

The play holds the attention and affords pleasure because it is true to the situation of the unexceptional person. His sense of isolation and inadequacy in ambitious enterprise fills him with a loneliness which is undemonstrative terror. Such people are legion, but their inconspicuousness makes one forget that their fate is closer to us than that of

persons of more striking stature. The non-hero is the universal man. Who speaks for him except in casual jest? His suffering is unspectacular and in regard to intense drama he is hardly ever thought worth depiction. Yet such as he constitute the majority of men, even in times of crisis.

Hampton, who is only 24, succeeds in making a humane comedy out of the sorry fellow. Other English playwrights—Pinter, David Storey, Osborne—write tense, grotesque, startling or oppressive images close to nightmares about such men. Hampton cleverly toys a bit, skims the surface with bright undergraduate effrontery and nonchalance, but at bottom he is still an honest observer, a common-sense realist. The combination of arch teasing and sympathy add up to a most agreeably intelligent play. The future will tell which of Hampton's traits will prevail: the cleverness or the sensibility.

One is never altogether certain whether the writer or the actor, Alec McCowen, should be declared the star of the occasion. McCowen is here at his best. He is technical, he is tricky, but in *The Philanthropist* his "bag of tricks" is put at the service of brilliant delineation. A fine sense of humor, the constant invention of tiny strokes of stage action, keep us watchful of his every gesture and facial expression, as if no revealed characteristic were too minute to be significant or theatrically extraordinary. He is supported by a well-chosen company: Penelope Wilton, Jane Asher, Ed Zimmermann, Victor Spinetti.

Certain plays are more memorable for the reaction they provoke in their audiences than for their intrinsic qualities. One would think that the audiences had written them. Such is the case of Dale Wasserman's dramatization of a novel by Ken Kesey, *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* (Mercer-Hansberry Theatre: 240 Mercer Street).

I did not see an earlier dramatization of the novel, produced some years ago with Kirk Douglas, nor have I read the book. The present adaptation, said to be more streamlined than the former, is a gruesome soap opera, but the audience is delighted. It laughs, applauds, and at times shouts its approval. At least that is what occurred at a (sold-out) preview I attended. The play was literally a howling success and may very well continue to be so, especially with the kind of young folk I saw at the performance just mentioned.

The scene is a ward in a state mental hospital. Most of the patients are "voluntary." A young man, Billy Bibbitt, has endured a subjection to his mother that

has caused in him a lamentable and permanent stutter; a married man is tormented by fear of sexual deficiency; several others display behavior that is merely feeble-willed or wildly eccentric. Then there are the "committed" patients: one, Chief Bromden, half Indian, has apparently lost the powers of speech and hearing; another has undergone an operation referred to as "a castration of the mind." Over all these unfortunates—who prefer the "protection" of the asylum to the horrors of outside—rules the efficient and rigorous Nurse Ratched, in whose official solicitude and severe discipline one suspects sadism.

Into this brood comes Patrick McMurphy, a rambunctious roustabout, guilty of assault and rape. His laughing defiance of Nurse Ratched, his friendliness to the other inmates and his encouragement of infraction of the regulations ordered by the hospital staff leads to "insurrection." In fact, McMurphy's insubordination helps Chief Bromden overcome his condition as a deaf-mute, a state induced by the humiliation of his father and race on the part of government and real estate interests. When McMurphy, outraged by one of Nurse Ratched's most unfeeling ploys, tries to strangle her, she vengefully orders a lobotomy for him. This turns him into something less than a man. Now rid of his physical disabilities, Chief Bromden, after a mercy killing of his savior, McMurphy, makes a dash for freedom: he it is who flies over the cuckoo's nest.

One might suppose all this to be quite grim, but there is only a dab of sentiment and lots of fun in the telling. What arouses the audience's mirth is the show's derision of vested authority, the comeuppance of rule and order. Nurse Ratched, who even browbeats her medical adviser, is less a character than a stand-in for external power, of which the most common symbol is the police. Prohibited drinking, smoking of pot, crude fornication are joyfully viewed as signs of happy release from oppression.

I choose one example of the play's process and the effect on its audience. McMurphy wishes to help Billy, the young man whose mother has so intimidated him that he has remained a virgin as well as the victim of a lifelong speech affliction. At a midnight party, a girl is brought in to provide the uninitiated youth with his first "experience." When Nurse Ratched's entrance interrupts this adventure and she upbraids him and asks if he is not ashamed of himself, his answer (for once unimpeded by a stutter) indicates that he is immensely pleased by what has happened. The

audience responds with a scream of satisfaction. This is followed by the nurse's threat to tell the boy's mother of his misbehavior. After stuttering once more in helpless fear, he runs off stage in panic. A moment later we learn that he has cut his throat. The audience quickly forgets this only to cheer once more when McMurphy rises to strangle the woman for her villainy.

All this is swift and summary: the trite canon of hand-me-down psychoanalysis, the ready acquiescence in and indeed the celebration of facile rebelliousness and a wretched "idealism" or "revolution" without pain—automatic, mindless, cheaply triumphant, popular—are the hallmarks of the occasion. This state of being is real in the audience and thus gives substance to the play's sham.

The production is effective in its own vein, and the cast headed by William Devane, Janet Ward, Jack Aaron, Lawrie Driscoll and William Burns does its work very well. □

DANCE

NANCY GOLDNER

For the last couple of years the City Center has gathered several well-established modern dance companies under a large umbrella called the American Dance Season. This year it set up base at the more intimate and comfortable ANTA Theatre for eight weeks, from January 18 to March 13. Nine companies partook in what was appropriately termed a "marathon," with the Dance Theatre of Harlem the only delegate from the ballet wing. Festivals always tempt one to make summaries and comparisons, even to regard the entire enterprise as a single program and judge it for balance, contrast or variety, as one might an orchestral concert. But the only general comment I can make is that I was surprised by my choice of favorites. (Unfortunately, I was not able to see the companies of Pearl Lang, Eleo Pomare and Don Redlich, so the list from which to pick was shortened.)

Louis Falco is a tightly coiled, electrifying dancer, who usually appears with the José Limón group. His dancing style has a youthful boldness and outright confidence that is easily associated with bright young men on the way up. But he has enough technique to support his personality, so he is not only bright but intelligent. Some of his choreography, however, borders on a flip, Pop



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style. His ideas are sometimes more advanced and subtle than his choreographic know-how. He overreaches, whereas as a dancer he can sensibly dare to be an extremist.

Falco's new ballet, *Ibid*, is not at all pushy. It is also lovely. He calls it a solo for the company, by which he means that each member can do it. At the program I saw *Ibid* was danced twice, first by Georgiana Holmes and then as a duet for Mary Jane Eisenberg and Matthew Diamond. The most striking and admirable aspect of *Ibid* is its illusion of spontaneity and open-endedness—perhaps the most difficult illusion to achieve—and I can imagine it graciously accommodating any number of combinations and permutations without losing its pastoral quiet or choreographic spine.

The Holmes solo was particularly intriguing because it turned into a duet

with the flutist, who is also on stage. The basic impulse is that of a meandering country walk. Roaming around the stage, the flutist makes sensuous doodlings on his instrument, while the dancer responds with lyric movement that almost but not quite bridges the gaps in the music. It is this random stop-and-start rhythm that renders the dance so offhand. Like two old friends on a country outing, each pursues his own pleasures under the assumption that the other is happily though differently occupied. And yet there is the slightest hint of dissension; their paths cross as well as converge. At times the musician bends over the dancer, blaring his flute at her. At other times the dancer seems to become aware that she is dominated by the music, that she is not the prototypic blithe, independent spirit. She suggests rebellion, but then comes back to the fold as child to parent, perhaps even slave to master. This sense of conflict causes only the slightest rustle in the tranquillity, but it is there and it makes *Ibid* provocative, as well as disarmingly casual.

Erick Hawkins is a purist, an ideologist. He has always seemed hell-bent on making his dances uncompromisingly lean, inward and concentrated. In one sense his style derives from Eastern poetry, but the aphoristic tone is merely a taking-off point. He not only contemplates a movement but becomes fixated on it. When watching a Hawkins piece I often think of what it's like to watch a water faucet yield its last few drops into the sink. Finally the drop-let's mass can no longer be contained by surface tension. Is there an explosion? No, just a puny dribble into the drain. Much as one may admire Hawkins' extreme quiet (for it is not the self-styled, smart-alecky type of some younger choreographers), it is impossible to like a good deal of his work. But in his most recent *Of Love* Hawkins has loosened up. The dance is still only dotted with movements, but they are truly arresting and more dynamic and outward. Perhaps it is because the piece is about erotic love that Hawkins' style has crystallized. The sexual nature of movement has always been implicit in his work, but in *Of Love* the formal, internal workings are joined with the subject matter. Hawkins' tiny rippling arm movements and sequences of slow-motion steps that border on absolute stillness make much more dramatic sense as expressions of sexual awareness than they do as abstract gestures done for their own sake. After seeing *Of Love*, one can more easily understand that his other ballets are also about

states of intense physical self-awareness.

Of Love is for six dancers dressed in G-strings. Being practically naked, they seem vulnerable, but Helen Frankenthaler's large banners draped along the top and sides of the stage create a feeling of safety, as though the dancers are living in a bowered Garden of Eden. It is an exquisite set, not only for its color and design but for its great emotional impact. And so the dancers' nudity does in fact become a statement about their innocence. They are innocent also because they move like animals as they gently nudge and nuzzle one another, as a leg slides up another's back, as a

toe fondly twitches the nape of the neck, or as two bodies softly rest against each other. Every part of the body is an instrument of communication, which is about as good an embodiment of eroticism as I have seen. With the dancers behaving so generously and good-naturedly, memories of paradise before the fall slip easily into mind.

It is no surprise to pick George Balanchine's *Concerto Barocco* as a favorite; it is one of the great ballets of the 20th century. The surprise was that it received a fine performance from the Dance Theatre of Harlem. Not that this

SEVENTEEN WARNINGS IN SEARCH OF A FEMINIST POEM

- 1 *Beware of the man who denounces ambition;
his fingers itch under his gloves.*
- 2 *Beware of the man who denounces war
through clenched teeth.*
- 3 *Beware of the man who denounces women writers;
his penis is tiny & cannot spell.*
- 4 *Beware of the man who wants to protect you;
he will protect you from everything but himself.*
- 5 *Beware of the man who loves to cook;
he will fill your kitchen with greasy pots.*
- 6 *Beware of the man who loves your soul;
he is a bullshitter.*
- 7 *Beware of the man who denounces his mother;
he is a son of a bitch.*
- 8 *Beware of the man who spells son of a bitch as one word;
he is a hack.*
- 9 *Beware of the man who loves death too well;
he is taking out insurance.*
- 10 *Beware of the man who loves life too well;
he is a fool.*
- 11 *Beware of the man who denounces psychiatrists;
he is afraid.*
- 12 *Beware of the man who trusts psychiatrists;
he is in hock.*
- 13 *Beware of the man who picks your dresses;
he wants to wear them.*
- 14 *Beware of the man you think is harmless;
he will surprise you.*
- 15 *Beware of the man who cares for nothing but books;
he will run like a trickle of ink.*
- 16 *Beware of the man who writes flowery love letters;
he is preparing for years of silence.*
- 17 *Before of the man who praises liberated women;
he is planning to quit his job.*

Erica Jong

young group is less than professional but Balanchine ballets are rarely successfully transplanted from the New York City Ballet. The Harlem group presented it in a uniquely joyous way, not awed by the ballet's reputation or its technical demands, by the reputation of its choreographer or the music, the Bach double violin concerto. Undoubtedly, their honest and reasonable approach was the more welcome because the memories of Maurice Béjart's childishly pious, overadoring Bach ballets are still vivid in my mind.

This *Concerto Barocco* was utterly happy, if not as coolly passionate as a good City Ballet performance can be. The girls smiled more, had a slight sway to their walk, and sometimes tilted their heads to the side, thereby adding a curious femininity to the choreography. Their *pliés* had a lot of bounce also, which made the tempos not as precise but nicely vivacious. The two allegro movements and the Dance Theatre's gutsy emphasis were more compatible than I would have guessed, although their slow second movement could have used more of the City Ballet's serene, singing lines. They also brought a new, richer texture to the allegro sections. Balanchine once did a ballet to a Mozart concerto in which one dancer was the violin and the other the viola. That interplay and contrast of timbre also exist in *Concerto Barocco*. Through steps done closer to the floor and more emphatically, the second soloist adds a darker undercoating to the steps of the first soloist. Lydia Abarca as the "violin" and Llanchie Stevenson as the "viola" caught this conversation, which in recent years has eluded the City Ballet dancers. Although this performance lacked understated passion—which is perhaps a deeper interpretation of the music and choreography than is joy—it had its own distinction.

The companies of Alvin Ailey, Paul Taylor and Alwin Nikolais were favored with two-week stands apiece, probably because they have the largest followings of the nine companies. Ailey's *Flowers* was as gaudy and heavy-handed as the subject it treated: the degradation and death of a rock-and-roll star. In its general hysteria and flamboyance it even outdid the sordid side of the rock-and-roll scene and should forever appease the appetites of those who find mad heroines of the opera not mad enough. Taylor's *Big Bertha* was an interesting attempt at both dance macabre and social commentary. A nice American family—hubby and wife respectful of each other, adoring of their accomplished daughter—become entrapped by a tyrannical band machine, whose mechanical, persistent movements

bring to mind a war machine. Slowly the machine takes over. Mommy and Daddy no longer do those nice ballroom dances together. Rather Daddy is off molesting his daughter, while Mommy hoists her skirts to become a slatternly, hard-edged bitch. The dancing becomes sloppy and drunken while the midway music tinkles on. The idea is good, but Taylor's use of loose, bumpy dance to convey man's base or animalistic instincts has been put to more forceful effect in some of his other ballets. Yet Taylor is one of the few choreographers who can treat American mores with intelligence. □

MUSIC

DAVID HAMILTON

In reporting on the Metropolitan Opera revival of Massenet's *Werther*, I cannot avoid returning to my theme of two weeks ago—the problem of performance tradition. Not that Massenet's opera is an exceptionally well-constructed piece of musical theatre; Goethe's extravagant first-person narrative has been at once compressed and padded to fit a conventional fourth-wall theatrical format, with some remarkably clumsy examples of timing and a death scene improbably protracted for a tenor with a presumably punctured lung.

Still, the Metropolitan hardly made the most of the opera's possibilities. In the absence of a single principal in idiomatic command of the French language, the melodic lines were rarely delivered with the natural point and phrasing that would have made them convincing; and in the absence of an appropriate and consistent style of stage action to mediate between the extravagances of the players and the rather more restrained passion of the music, the necessary suspension of disbelief to overlook the more awkward—even meretricious—moments was not easy to summon. Except for the atmospheric settings of Rudolf Heinrich, there was little evidence on view to explain why this revival was undertaken with these resources.

If the resurrection of a work less than a century old presents such problems, what about the revival, in concert form, of Hasse's *L'Olimpiade*, vintage 1756? New York has seen only one successful staging of a major Baroque opera, Handel's *Giulio Cesare*, a few years ago at the City Opera—a produc-

tion that considerably altered the original in the interest of brevity and framed it in a stylish but campy format, with the audience half-invited to enjoy the palpable absurdities. It made for a pleasant evening's entertainment, and the florid singing of Beverly Sills, in particular, gave some inkling of what 18th-century audiences found rewarding in the rigidly codified succession of *da capo* arias.

Hasse was not Handel, of course, and that was the first difficulty with *L'Olimpiade*. The Clarion Concerts production, under the direction of Newell Jenkins, laudably presented the opera at something like full length, with the basic succession of events intact (although I understand that cuts were made in the recitatives), but the level of invention is simply not near Handel's, nor is the variety of means and textures used in *opera seria* of this school sufficient to sustain the interest of an audience accustomed to the ensembles and orchestral panoply of later traditions. One important aspect of the 18th-century opera house—its relaxed social ambience and facilities for casual coming and going—is certainly relevant here; that audience did not sit in religious silence, awaiting artistic revelation. Also, the stage spectacle was missing at Tully Hall, despite an attempt at "semi-staging," as it is now known in the trade. Actually, this hindered rather than helped, for with the auditorium in total darkness it was impossible to follow the rather extended plot summary in the program; even at the second intermission, some in the audience were unclear as to which sing-

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er was which character—or, indeed, which girls were girls and which were boys (the two heros, both originally castratos, were sung by women; couldn't they have been asked to wear pants suits?).

But if we are to believe the history books, what really held the attention in these operas was the singing—not merely the singers' ability to execute trills and scales but their skill at projecting the "affect" of each aria. This clearly called for a level of technical achievement that is very rare today, but also for the ability to dig into the differences among the various arias, to make something individual out of what can easily seem to us, at first hearing, a series of numbers as alike as peas in a pod. The Clarion singers do not work at that level; if at times they managed a neat execution of the notes, none of them really got up and "sold" a solo. Heads buried in scores, they frequently failed to phrase the material as forcefully as did the orchestra in its opening ritornellos (which thus inadvertently threw the whole operation still further out of balance).

In other words, the recovery of this performance tradition will take a good

deal of work and time—if it is possible at all; it may depend on social conditions that no longer exist (a problem not entirely unique to this kind of opera). But the Clarion performance was a first step, and an illuminating one. By exercising my imagination to supply the virtuosity, dramatic projection, and textual conviction of a Callas or a Horne during some of the arias, I found it possible to see what Hasse's contemporaries found admirable in his workmanship. Future attempts at revival of *opera seria* should profit from Clarion's altruistic undertaking. □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

I find myself somewhat nonplused by *The Conformist*, Bernardo Bertolucci's mannered portrait of an Italian Fascist gunman. Taken from a novel by Alberto Moravia, the film recounts the history of Marcello (Jean-Louis Trintignant), who had been seduced at the age of 12 by his family's chauffeur and who had then shot the man with his own gun. Marcello's driving motivation ever since has been to prove to others, and especially to himself, that he is an utterly normal man. This has led him, by the time of the picture, to marry an utterly banal girl and to undertake, while on honeymoon in Paris, to eliminate an expatriate professor (Marcello had been his student) who has been irritating the Mussolini hierarchy.

So far, good enough. A pre-adolescent seduction accompanied by manslaughter might well dispose a man to obsessive preoccupation with conformity, and forty years ago blind obedience to Il Duce's interests could well be the form it would take. Moreover, Marcello's character is given higher relief because he manifestly finds the role of assassin more congenial than the act of assassination (he falls into Shakespeare's "second murderer" category) and because he has been able to normalize everything in his life except his sexual proclivities.

However, Bertolucci's method strikes me as excessively complex. I find no fault with narrative manipulation when it enhances insight, but in this case the process seems to open a good many cinematic opportunities without enriching one's understanding of, or interest in, a character who is in any case non-evocative by definition. It is plausible that people who seek the anonymity of compliance are most disposed to do repression's dirty work, but I don't see

that the film does more than state this.

The story is told almost entirely in a flashback, beginning when Marcello, with a Fascist bully in an Orson Welles hat at the wheel, sets out in pursuit of the professor and his wife through snowy and very beautiful French countryside. As they drive, Marcello, half dreaming, recalls the past. This permits the director to edit with elliptical flexibility and to vary his approach from approximate realism to photogenically elegant fantasy. But it also makes it difficult to know how to "take" the proceedings. For example, during much of the picture I was inclined to see Marcello's tough companion as a comic extravagance—particularly since, in one shot, his face looms up near an old Laurel and Hardy handbill. In the denouement, he turns out to be anything but a joke.

Furthermore, it strikes me that Marcello is remembering more than he has experienced—in one case, details of a Lesbian infatuation between his wife and the wife of the professor; if Bertolucci is cutting into and out of the flashback without signaling his turns, the complexity is getting out of bounds. And further still, this mixture of memory and dreams leaves facts in limbo. Was the professor really surrounded in his Paris flat by a band of six or eight young muscle men, and if he was that cautious, why did he encourage intimacy with Marcello, of whom he was obviously suspicious, and then take off on that lonely ride? If the professor's wife really thinks Marcello a Fascist trigger man, as she states with disgust, why does she attempt to seduce him? Perhaps to protect the professor, perhaps to get at the other wife? You can't tell through all that gauzy manner. A film that is a fabric of ambiguities is one thing, and very compelling it can be; but a film that shows a tendency to go ambiguous at the turning points leaves the viewer with no base for his understanding.

I suspect that *The Conformist* will be admired principally by those who prefer cinema to film. It obliges you to watch very closely and it achieves some striking effects, but I cannot persuade myself that two hours spent with so dull a fellow as Marcello is time well spent, and I wonder whether Moravia gave him more substance. The intellectual level of the picture is not very aspiring. Plato's myth of the cave runs through it as a kind of motif, and the hero's best friend is a blind Fascist theoretician. If the work needs allegory, which I doubt, allusions a bit less pat would have grated less. □

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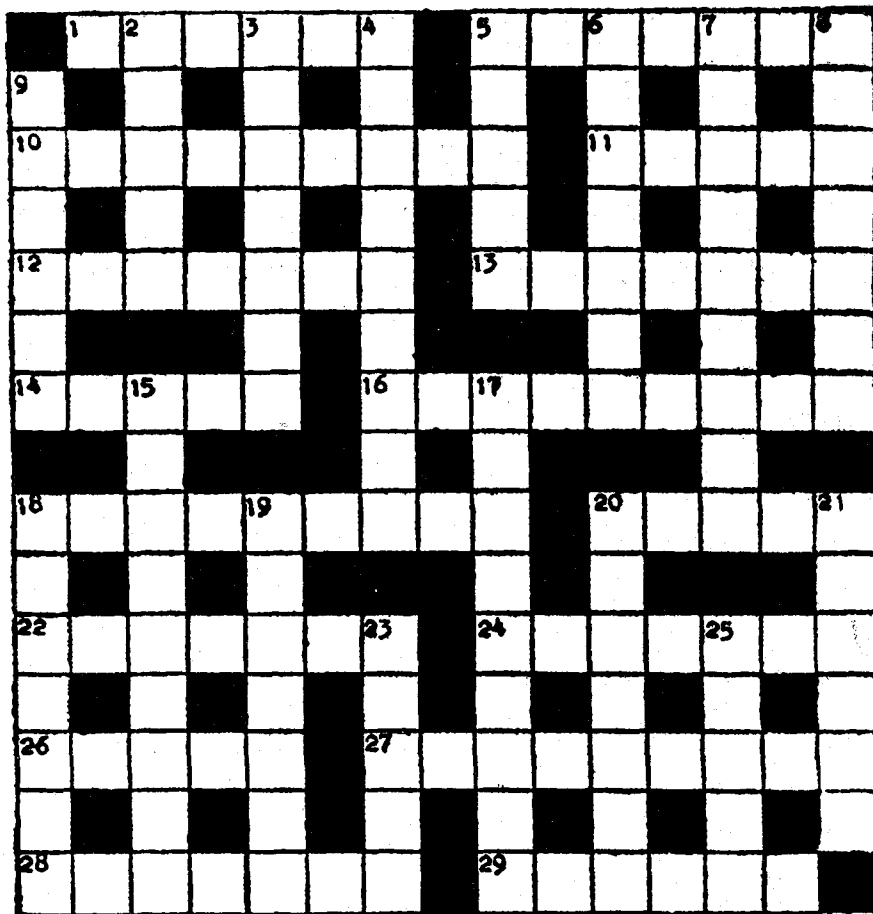
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FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

- 1 and 5 across Past getting a little white about being completely excluded. (6,3,4)
- 10 The French bear with little people as well as we, upon reflection. (9)
- 11 Such quiet was part of James Thomson's elegant sufficiency. (5)
- 12 No longer an acceptable epithet for an 11 type, though something might still crop up from it. (7)
- 13 A dark horse could be found even by one with his eyes closed! (7)
- 14 Brisling might appear short for the canvas back. (5)
- 16 Not a labor dispute at Kennedy—it's a more aggressive maneuver! (3,6)
- 18 Struggled, as one might have earnestly maintained. (9)
- 20 The space covered by one stroke, perhaps. (5)
- 22 Section cut up for the laws of thought.
- 24 Those who make their bread, as some say. (7)
- 26 The answer to those who try to 4 and 18 down? (5)
- 27 Hep? Yes, mam! But inspiration might be difficult with it. (9)
- 28 In a correct manner, but not necessarily conservatively so. (7)
- 29 Cheap whisky might make you see fish, bird, or snake. (6)

DOWN

- 2 Let such education be a sort of amusement, said Plato. (5)

- 3 Quite the opposite of fast. (7)
- 4 and 18 down Separate maxim for winning? (6,3,7)
- 5 SAT and ACT, for example. (5)
- 6 Serious pledge. (7)
- 7 Nero's mother has a fore-and-aft hold on a holder. (9)
- 8 Make a big deal out of the general confusion? (7)
- 9 See 25 down
- 15 Clarifying the drawing, perhaps. (9)
- 17 Cayenne vegetable. (3,6)
- 18 See 4 down
- 19 It's obvious I would get in the affair! (7)
- 20 Used a jet for taking care of little things, perhaps. (7)
- 21 See 25 down
- 23 The appearance of 12? (5)
- 25, 9 and 21 If so, it should come in "Be kind to Animals" week (5,3,3,3,3)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1387

ACROSS: 1, 20, 22 and 38 Abdul the Bulbul Amir; 9 Hisses; 10 Moire; 12 Rias; 17 Brecht; 18 Airier; 19 Pot; 21 Subbase; 23 Hillary; 24 Poe; 26 Relate; 28 Repose; 32 Pouf; 35, 7 across, 15 across, 4 across, 31, 34, 13 and 40 What this country needs is a good five-cent cigar; 36 Eliza; 39 Obese.
DOWN: 1 As is; 2 Despot; 3 Lysenko; 4 Nomura; 5 Epic; 6 Sten; 7 Throb; 8 and 37 I have no idea; 11 Retina; 14 Tarry; 15 Chianti; 16 Yielded; 19 Pep; 21 Strap; 25 Organic; 27 Estate; 28 Rowing; 29 Ogham; 30 Enter; 33 Oeno; 35 Wear.

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